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THE GREENWOOD CLUB.

A Tale of the Lake Superior Region.

BY WILL WILDWOOD.

CHAPTER XIX.

JERRY STALKER'S MYSTERIOUS CONDUCT.

From the time of Jerry Stalker's adventure with the moose back in the forest near White River, his companions noted a change in his demeanor, most difficult to understand. His gay jest and wonted flow of sparkling humor no more charmed his listeners as of old, for this vein of gaiety seemed checked, and replaced by a deeper sentiment which led him to commune oftener with himself, and though he did not shun his comrades, he seemed to a certain degree to prefer seclusion. His unnatural reserve and contemplative mood was the subject of much comment among his fellows, though none knew whence came the change or could in any manner account for the transformation. From a care-free sportsman—although ever a studious and painstaking youth—he appeared to have developed into a mature, calm and thoughtful man; musing frequently in his rambles in a train of thought not unproductive of pleasure, as was evident by his happy expression of countenance, often illumined by a quiet smile and look of serenest pleasure; yet he was so unlike himself, so different in every word and gesture from the witty, fun-loving Jerry of a few days previous, that his companions were quite at a loss to explain the mystery.

Each day the young sportsman went forth armed and equipped for sport in the wilderness, but his game bag was usually as empty upon his return, at night-fall as ere he started—whereat all wondered greatly, knowing his ardor in field sports of yore. This, however, seemed not at all to check him in his daily rambles, or even to mar the serenity of his demeanor, for with each succeeding morn he was afield early, and returned not until the shades of eve came on. More strange than all these singular and unaccountable things, as it appeared to his fellows, was the fact that Jerry almost invariably went forth alone—from choice, avoiding a companion on these rambles, and politely declining all invitations to explore the various points of note about the bay—in which all, save himself, felt the keenest interest.

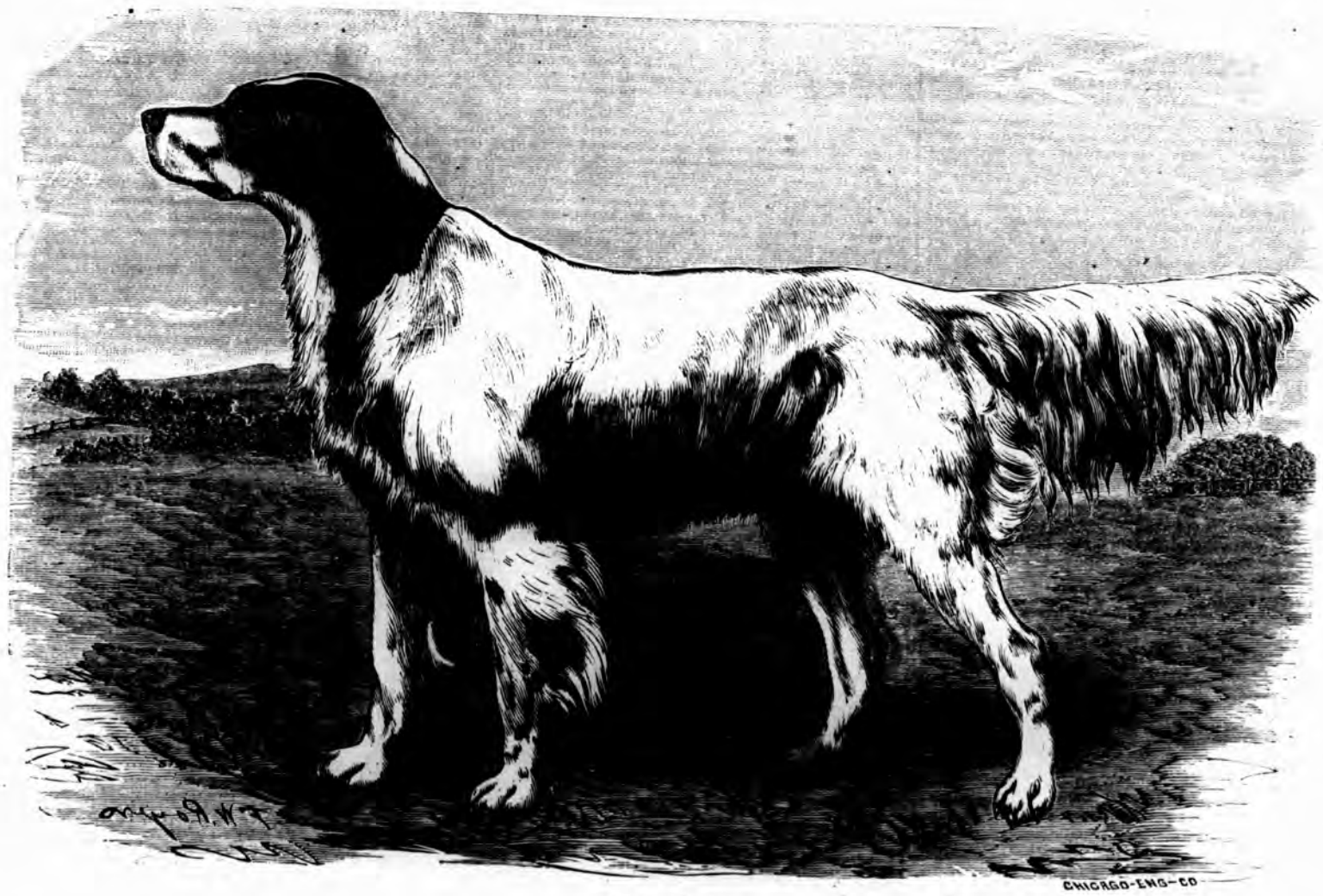
This action on the part of Jerry Stalker could not fail to awaken displeasure of some and the wonder of all his companions. Various and sundry versions as to the probable cause of his conduct were rife among the members of the club; some assuming that it arose from satiety and the desire to return homeward; others that he had from some unknown cause become a mere "dreamer of dreams," and sought the solitude of the wilderness where he might best muse and build his fairy castles in the air, secure from intrusion of the common herd of mortals; while still another portion believed the young man to be laboring under some hallucination, or perhaps a mental disorder, whereat they felt the gravest fears.

"Is it not remarkable," quoth Col. Hardy one morning after Jerry had, as was his custom of late, set forth into the woods earlier than any of his fellows, "that Stalker should still persist in this strange freak of wandering away by himself, day after day, refusing all companionship, and as it would seem, so wrapped in contemplation that he fails to secure either fin or feather? To me it is incomprehensible."

"'Tis indeed a mystery to me," responded Hunter, "and I have observed that Jerry has never been the same fun-loving fellow since that day he shot the large moose a week since, or more. Whether that adventure has anything to do with his present state of mind, I cannot say, but I fancy if the matter could be fathomed we would find that the secret of the whole is in some way connected with that day's sport, though the 'wherefore' puzzles me not a little. If Jerry Stalker were unduly sensitive it might be possible that he took offense at a remark, or rather an inquiry, I made that day regarding the hunt. It is hardly probable that he would be offended at the inquiry, but I believe I will ask him point blank if such is the case, when I meet him again. Jerry is natually a fine fellow, and I regret that anything has gone amiss with him."

"I rather incline to the opinion that this old freak of Stalkers is nothing more or less than the natural outgrowth of his romantic notions," said the prosaic Frank Fowler. "You are aware that he has a wonderful admiration for chivalry, and all that sort of thing, so I think it more than likely that this wild life he has led during the past month or more among romantic scenes and participating in thrilling adventures has set his fancy running riot; and he is no doubt at this moment idly dreaming of knighthood, and gentle ladies, and falconry, and the tournament at arms, such as the old-time cavaliers and their 'ladyes faire' reveled in of old."

"Perhaps wooing some fairy wood nymph in her greenwood bower, or entranced by some sprightly and witching mermaid, such as Ned Locus declares himself, to have seen, *vide* J. Cypress' charming tale, 'Fire Island Ana,' suggested James Greenway facetiously; whereupon John Briggs laughed immoderately, nodded approvingly, and vowed that was "a 'appy thought, sure enough."



DASH III.

"No! no! boys, you are wrong altogether," said Hunter, seriously. "In the first place, Jerry is too sensible, too sound and practical, to be seized with any wild or crazy ideas of whatever sort, and in the second, he has been successful in the chase heretofore, and none have manifested greater ardor than he. Depend upon it there is something deeper than mere fancy or romantic fervor in all this, though what it is I can no more conceive than the rest. However, I shall make it a point to ferret it out, even at the risk of giving offense, and imagine that a straightforward question will bring a direct answer and solve the whole mystery."

"Hunter is quite right, I believe," remarked the Colonel, "and I am sure he is the man to approach Jerry on this subject to learn if possible the cause of his strange manner. Jerry 'sets great store by him,' as old Tom Draw would say; and if anyone can learn the secret of Stalker's seemingly unsociable mood you are the man to do it, Harry. And now, boys, if you will take my advice, do not attempt to jest

him on the subject, as he is certainly in no frame of mind to take chaff or banter on this score without resenting it."

"No fear of that," responded Frank Fowler, "for I really imagine there is not one of us but whom at heart loves Jerry Stalker despite his romantic ideas and theories. I would not knowingly injure his feelings for the world, and I believe in that I can speak for the whole."

"My opinion exactly," chimed in James Greenway, "and in truth I cannot say that he carries his peculiar ideas, as you call them, to an extreme. We must all admit that the sentiment he cherishes underlies all true manhood and honor, although we do in jest curl the lip, and, as we must confess, roundly abuse this almost divine attribute, for no better reason than that it is now seldom found, and still more rarely appreciated in this age of money-making and spirit breaking."

"Bravely and nobly spoken, James," replied Harry Hunter, warmly. "It is scarcely right or just to sneer either covertly or openly at the finer attributes of head and heart, even though they may be, as in the present case, beyond the ken or appreciation of common minds. Jerry Stalker has at heart the courage of a lion with the tenderness and delicacy of a woman. Chivalry, such as his is not to be confounded with or compared to the Quixotism of few mad zealots who have been made the laughing-stock of the world. It is the pure metal, without alloy, such as enters into the composition of real heroes. His is the true nobility of manhood, and I look upon him as in truth one of 'nature's noblemen,' so do not, I beg, any of you belittle him or jest at that which should be as sacred from reproach or levity as virtue itself."

Little more was said upon the theme for a time, but the perplexing doubt still remain unsolved, furnishing food for thought if not for coversation, until the secret of the whole was disclosed, to the satisfaction and delight of all concerned, a few days later—the particulars of which *denouement* may be hereafter narrated.

The Horse.

Parole Wins the City and Suburban Handicap and Great Metropolitan Stakes.

In our last issue we gave the particulars of the Newmarket Handicap race won by Parole, and the result of the City and Suburban Handicap, which he also won over seven starters. On the 23d ult., he added the Great Metropolitan stakes to the victories of the Lorillard stable, and though there were forty-two subscribers, but one horse faced the starter for the contest.

The race for the City and Suburban Handicap, for which there were 103 subscribers, of which 31 paid forfeit, came off on April 22, at the Epsom Spring Meeting, and resulted in a victory for the American horse, Mr. P. Lorillard's brown gelding Parole, six years old, by Leamington, out of Maiden, by Lexington. Lord Rosebery's bay colt Ridotto, four years old, by Cremorne, out of Songstress, by Chanticleer, was second, and Lord Wilton's brown horse Cradle, six years old, by See Saw, out of Honeymoon, came in third. There were eighteen starters.

The betting during the morning was 3 to 1 against Parole, 25 to 1 against Ridotto and 20 to 1 against Cradle; but just before the start 4 to 1 was laid against Parole, and 11 to 1 against Ridotto, Parole being the strongest favorite ever known for this event. Parole was one of the earliest arrivals at Epsom on Monday, and did two canters in the course of the morning, in which he gave great satisfaction. There was a great attendance at the Downs to witness the race. The course was in splendid condition. The weather was fine, except during the morning there were occasional slight showers.

During the time Parole was being promenaded about the paddock he was extensively scrutinized and exclamations were recognized, such as "That's that foreigner!" "There's the American!" "What a queer looking devil he is; but he is of good color;" and many remarks were made of a similar character. A large crowd watched the saddling in the stall, where more remarks were made about his appearance. When his clothing was taken off a renewal of opinions about Parole's looks burst forth, such as "What an old-fashioned head he has!" "He's a wiry one and no mistake!" and "He's a d—d long reacher!" Parole submitted quietly to be mounted by Archer, who looked cheerful, and with a "Whoa! so, my boy," he walked the gelding away through the crowd. The following are the details of the race:

After a false start the flag fell to a good one. Ridotto took the lead at a great pace, followed by Censer, Parole, Elf King, Knight of Burghley, Attalus, Cradle and Belphœbe. When the horses fairly settled down to their work Censer drew away to the lead, followed by Knight of Burghley, Elf King, Parole and Ridotto. At Tattenham Corner Elf King ran to the front, Knight of Burghley, Censer, Parole, Ridotto, and Cradle, following into the straight run home in the order given. As the horses approached the grand stand Elf King, Censer and Knight of Burghley were beaten and fell back. Ridotto then gained the lead. Up to this time Archer had been waiting with Parole well in hand, for the decisive moment to bring his powers forth. Fifty strides from the finish he called on Parole, and the gelding gamely responding, he quickly caught Ridotto, passed him and won the race by a length, amidst the greatest acclamations of delight. Time of race, 2:16.

Fred Archer, it may be added, will receive 500 guineas for winning the race with Parole.

The following is a

SUMMARY.

The City and Suburban handicap of 15 sovs. each, 10 forfeit, and only 5 if declared by noon on February 4, with 200 sovs. added; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner of a handicap after the publication of weights (January 28, at 10 a. m.) to carry 5 lbs. extra, of any two handicaps, or one of the value of 1,000 sovs., 10 lbs. extra. About one mile and a quarter, 103 subs., 34 of whom declared forfeit.

Mr. P. Lorillard's br g Parole, by imp. Leamington, out of Maiden, by Lexington, out of Kitty Clark, 6 years old, 119 lbs 1
Lord Rosebery's b c Ridotto, by Cremorne, out of Songstress, by Chanticleer, 4 years old, 96 lbs 2
Lord Wilton's br h Cradle, by See Saw, out of Honeymoon, 6 years old, 95 lbs 3
Lord Stamford's b g Censer, by See Saw, out of Fragrance, 4 years old, 94 lbs 0
Mr. W. S. Crawford's b c Elf King, by Joskin, out of Queen Mab, 3 years old, 84 lbs 0
Mr. R. C. Naylor's b c Knight of Burghley, by Knight of St. Patrick, out of Fanscombe, 3 years old, 77 lbs 0
Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b c Attalus, by Lacydes, out of Blanchette, by The Baron, 4 years old, 107 lbs 0
Lord Hartington's b m Belphœbe, by Toxophilite, out of Vaga, 5 years old, 124 lbs 0
And ten others.

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES.

On April 23, Parole scored another victory by winning the Great Metropolitan Stakes (a handicap) at the Epsom Spring Meeting, by beating Mr. R. N. Batt's four year chestnut colt Castlereagh, carrying 110 lbs. Parole had 124 lbs. on his back. The distance was two miles and a quarter. There were forty-two subscribers for the event, fifteen of whom paid five sovereigns and declared out; but when the time came for the race to be called none made their appearance save Castlereagh and Parole. The last betting on the race was 5 to 2 on the American.

The weather was dull and rainy at Epsom, and the course was in very bad condition; but this probably did not make any difference with Parole's chances, as he won his Newmarket race in slush, and other races before coming to England on very heavy tracks. His reputation for possessing remarkable staying powers gave the general opinion to his backers that he would be able to show all competitors a clean pair of heels in the race for which he was to be engaged to-day. His trainer was just as sanguine of Parole's winning this race as he was of Parole's capturing the City and Suburban Stakes yesterday.

The attendance was not as large to-day on the Downs as it was yesterday, as the masses could not believe that Parole's guardians would start him for so long a race as the Great Metropolitan after his race of the day before. Those who attended, however, were pleased with the races and at another victory being achieved by Parole. The surprise of all present who were not in the betting ring was great when the horses left the paddock for the course to find that there was to be but one competitor against Parole, and that Castlereagh. Fred Archer rode Parole and Platt was on the back of Castlereagh.

At the start Castlereagh took the lead and quickly drew away three or four lengths, when he tried to bolt; but Platt being on his guard, soon got him straight again and maintained the lead. The horses ran on in this way until they came into the straight course, when exclamations of "Castlereagh wins!" rang out from the crowd, which was answered soon afterward by counter shouts of "No, he don't; Parole wins. He's pulling Archer out of the saddle!" Archer at that time had just called on Parole, and he began to gallop in earnest, and he came out in the last hundred yards and shot in an easy winner by three-fourths of a length, amid the wildest exclamations of the Americans and other backers of the famous gelding. The time of the two miles and a quarter over the very heavy track was 4m. 43s.

The following is the

SUMMARY.

The Great Metropolitan Stakes (handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 15 forfeit and only 5 if declared by noon, on February 4, with 200 sovs. added; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner of a handicap after the publication of the weights (January 28, at 10 a. m.) to carry 5 lbs extra, of any two handicaps, or of the City and Suburban Handicap, 10 lbs. extra; about two miles and a quarter, to start at the winning chair (43 sub., 15 of whom declared forfeit).

Mr. P. Lorillard's br. g. Parole, by imp. Leamington, out of Maiden, by Lexington, out of Kitty Clark, 6 years old, 121 lbs., 1.
Mr. R. N. Batt's ch. c. Castlereagh, by Speculum, out of Lady Trespass, 4 years old, 110 lbs, 2. Time, 4.43.

Parole.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In regard to the probabilities of further success for Mr. Lorillard's stable in England, materials for an analysis are fortunately forthcoming. At first sight it would seem Parole's three victories having been achieved in handicaps that until some of the American horses had met the cream of the English flyers in weight for age, races, or plates, their relative excellence might yet be considered a moot point, but assuming that a Derby winner is a satisfactory standard from which to start a comparison, the following considerations go far to prove that Duke of Magenta and Parole may be looked upon as belonging to a class above that of the animals they are likely to be brought into competition with.

It is generally allowed that the fields of horses contending in each of the bigger English handicaps may be taken as about equal from year to year in quality, and the City and Suburban is no exception to the rule. This race was won last year by a three-year-old colt named Sefton, who was weighted at five stone seven pounds, but whose tiny jockey had, as well as I recollect, to declare a pound or so overweight. The colt with this 77 to 80 pounds on his back won—all out—by a head from Advance, who was one of those carefully bottled good things, for which that most astute of English turfites, Captain Machell, has become so celebrated. Sefton's narrow victory shows that he was in no way so superior to his field as to have retained even a pound in hand for the mystification of the handicappers in his future, though it may justly be urged that a stronger rider might have left his prospect of a win in somewhat less of jeopardy. Parole, on the contrary, clearly had something, no matter how small, to the good with his field in his race last Tuesday. But a few weeks after his winning the City and Suburban, Sefton pulled off the Derby, and though Janette, and possibly one or two others of his age may be better animals, it is clearly legitimate to consider him the Derby winner, as fairly representing last year's three-year-olds. Here we at once have a reliable comparison. About the best English three-year-old just carried, say, 80 pounds home, in 1878, whilst Parole scored a decidedly easier victory when carrying 119 pounds in the succeeding year. The difference between weight for age for three and six year-olds and 39 pounds is the exact amount of Parole's superiority to Sefton and the horses of his year; with his gelding allowance the American horse should by some twenty pounds over weight for age, hold the English four-year-olds pretty safe, excepting in handicaps. Unquestionably there were last year the worst three-year-olds that have been seen across the water for a long time, but this margin is ample enough to warrant the assumption that Parole is well able to hold his own with nearly everything he may meet. Lord Falmouth's team ranging from the five-year-old Silvio to the phenomenal three-year-old filly Wheel of Fortune is that most likely to be indented on to produce an animal to lower the colors of the foreigner, should the latter's further victories increase international and turf rivalry, and in animals of that class Parole will at least meet with foes worthy of his steel; till such, however, are brought out it reads as if Mr. Lorillard should chuckle at such matches as that in which it is proposed that the gelding should concede only 3 lbs. to the four-year-old Isonomy whose chance of reversing the Newmarket verdict does not seem of the brightest.

That English turfmen have been early forced to a high estimate of the gelding's powers is clear from the fact of his starting for such a big handicap as the city and Suburban at the price he did. A whole "bar'l" of money must have been behind him to bring him to three to one, an unprecedented price for the race in point, and as the owner's reputed share of the plunder is put at less than a quarter of a million dollars it is certain that the American found quite a pile of backers amongst the knowing ones of the old country.

The arguments I have advanced in the gelding's case hold equally good as to the Duke of Magenta. The most cursory study of last year's racing gives us a complete set of data as to their relative capabilities from which it is evident that should Parole later in the season fail to act up to the promises of his commencement, the States have in the Duke a horse thoroughly capable of taking up the parable at whatever point the gelding may prove incapable of sustaining it.

UBIQUE.

The Belle Meade Sale.

[Special Dispatch to the CHICAGO FIELD.]

NASHVILLE, April 28.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Gen. W. G. Harding's annual sale of yearlings took place to-day at Belle Meade. The weather was fine, with an attendance of over 500 persons. The bidding was spirited, and 28 colts and fillies were sold, averaging $515.50. The highest prices paid was $2,100 for Banter, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Beni cia (the dam of Bombast and Bayard) to Asa Burnham, of New York; Bookmaker for $1,810 to Col. S. D. Bruce, New York, for James R. Keene. Col. Bruce also bought Bran Dance for Mr. Keene, for $1,000. The following were sold:

Brambaletta, $600, Asa Burnham, Cassadaga, N. Y.
Bliss, $425, W. H. Johnson, Nashville, for Pierre Lorillard.
Barter, $2,100, Asa Burnham, Cassadaga, N. Y.
Bernardine, $230, Asa Burnham, Cassadaga, N. Y.
Bootjack, $300, Milton Young, Henderson, Ky.
Barrett, $825, W. A. Johnson, Nashville, for Pierre Lorillard.
Belle of Richland, $425, Peter C. Fox, Louisville.
Boswell, 2 years old, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Beulah, by Lexington, sold in place of Buckram, dead, $330, Milton Young, Henderson, Ky.
Gammacila, $315, Asa Burnham, Cassadaga, N. Y.
Ballast, $200, J. M. Arnold, Nashville.
Brevity, $120, Gen. George P. Bell, Nashville.
Manitou, $305, Milton Young, Henderson, Ky.
Bran Dance, $1,000, James R. Keene, New York.
Tiptoe, $310, Van L. Kirkman, Nashville.
Bodfire, $260, Pleasant A. Smith, Nashville.
By-the-Way, $410, Asa Burnham, Cassadaga, N. Y.
Barometer, $810, Thomas Nichols, Paris, Ky.
Burletta, $335, Peter C. Fox, Louisville.
Baltic, $375, Asa Burnham, Cassadaga, N. Y.
Bonnie Park not offered, having been injured.
Barnton, $415, Asa Burnham, Cassadaga, N. Y.
Bribery, $270, W. C. McGavock, Franklin.
Bugler, $405, Hardy Durham, Nashville.
Bookmaker, $1 810, S. D. Bruce, New York.
Bonafide, $3.5, Hardy Durham, Nashville.
Battery, $375, V. L. Kirkman, Nashville.
Bridecake, $235, Asa Burnham, Cassadaga, N. Y.
Bramlette, $235, Asa Burnham, Cassadaga, N. Y.
Bide-a-Wee, $200, Asa Burnham, New York.
Brenda, $200, Asa Burnham, Cassadaga, N. Y.

CLIMAX.

THE GRAND CIRCUIT MEETINGS.—The decision of the Buffalo Park Association to offer $30,000 in premiums has engendered considerable ill feeling in other organizations in the central circuit. One of the novelties proposed is a race for $5,000, open to all pacers and trotters. At a meeting of the stewards of the Grand Central circuit, held in New York last week, it was voted "that the action taken by the Buffalo Park Association, in framing and publishing a programme previous to the meeting of the board of stewards called by its chairman, was discourteous and merits censure." The stewards decided on the following programme for the meetings at Cleveland, Rochester, Utica and Hartford: First day, 2:30 class, $1,500; 2:20 class, $2,000. Second day, 2:26 class, $1,500; 2:22 class, $2,000; pacers, $1,000. Third day, 2:24 class, $2,000; free to all, $3,000. Fourth day, 2:28 class, $1,500; 2:18 class, $2,500. The aggregate for each association is $17,000. In the open-to-all class it is specified that Hopeful and Rarus shall enter and start. If three or more enter, the purse will be divided into three moneys, on the basis of 65, 25 and 10 per cent. If only two enter, the division shall be 70 and 30 per cent. It was stated positively that Hopeful and Rarus would go through the circuit, and each do his best to win. Proteine was barred from the 2:18 class, which action will force her into the open-to-all, with Rarus and Hopeful. The entries of the circuit will close at 11 o'clock p. m., Monday, July 21. The dates of the several meetings are as follows: Cleveland, July 29, 30, 31 and Aug. 1; Buffalo, Aug. 5, 6, 7 and 8; Rochester, Aug. 12, 13, 14 and 15; Utica, Aug. 19, 20, 21 and 22, and Hartford, Aug. 26, 27, 28 and 29. The big purses offered by Buffalo are as follows: Tuesday, Aug. 5, 2:31 class, $3,000; 2:21 class, $3,000. Wednesday, Aug. 6, 2:27 class, $3,000; 2:23 class, $3,000; 2:35 class, $3,000. Thursday, Aug. 7, 2:29 class, $3,000; 2:18 class, $5,000. Friday, Aug. 8, 2:25 class, $3,000; open to all trotters and pacers (pacers to harness or saddle), $5,000.

HEAVY TURF MATCHES.—The Louisville *Argus* confirms through Mr. Ed. Madden, the matches made last week between Col. Clark, of Louisville, Ky., and Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the owner of Parole. They originated in this way:

A number of gentlemen were at the Union Club Rooms, in New York, Wednesday night, discussing Parole's victories in England, Mr. Lorillard and Col. Clark being present. Col. Clark remarked to the owner of Parole, "Mr. Lorillard, you may be able to beat England, but we have better horses in Kentucky than yours."

"I'll bet $50,000," replied Mr. Lorillard, "that I can beat any horse in Kentucky that you may name."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," answered the president of the Louisville Jockey Club, "I'll bet $10,000 a year for five years that I can pick horses from Kentucky to defeat the pick of Rancocus stable."

"Very well, sir, meet me to-morrow, and we'll draw up an agreement," said Lorillard.

The next day the arrangement was made, the matches to take place as has already been announced.

TROTTING AT SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Col. Lewis, Calmar, Doty, and Adelaide were advertised to trot at Agricultural Park, Sacramento, on April 25, of which no report has been received. On the morning of April 16, Col. Lewis and Calmar were worked three miles in company. The first mile was merely a jog, accomplished in 2:38¾; the second mile was made in 2:27, and the third in 2:23½, Lewis having the lead each time. Neither of the horses was crowded at all, and it was thought they could have trotted the mile out in 2:18.

HEAVY WINNINGS.—It is said on good authority that Pierre Lorillard, owner of Parole, won $40,000 on the Newmarket, $80 000 on the City and Suburban, and $30,000 on the Metropolitan, while James Gordon Bennett is said to have won $130,000 on Parole's three races in England.

Rifle.

Rifle at Milwaukee and Denver.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—On Friday, April 25, the Milwaukee Rifle Club shot a match with the Denver (Col.) Rifle Club. The conditions were, that each club should have a team of ten shoot over their respective ranges, ten shots each at 200 and 500 yards, two sighting shots, and according to the National Rifle Association rules, the six highest scores at each range to count in the match.

At Milwaukee the weather was fair and warm, everything all right for shooting except the wind which proved the worst I have seen over the range for many a day; the abominable feature of which was that it was constantly changing from one quarter to another, requiring frequent change of the wind gauges. There were a good number of visitors present, among them Col. Roberts, of Chicago, a veteran rifleman. Following are the Milwaukee scores:

200 yards, off-hand.

Welles	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5—48
Meunier	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	5—44
Drake	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4—42
Hill	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—42
Markham	4	3	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	4—42
Fielding	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	3	4—42
Total										260

500 Yards.

Bangs	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—50
Johnston	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—49
Drake	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5—49
Hill	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—47
Markham	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—48
Murray	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5—47
Total										290

Following are the scores made that did not count in the match.

200 yards.

Bangs	3	3	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	4—42
Murray	5	3	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4—41
Williams	5	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	5—41
Johnston	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—40

500 yards.

Munier	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	3	5	5—47
Fielding	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	5—46
Welles	5	4	5	5	3	5	4	5	5	5—46

During the evening of the day of the match, the following telegram was received from the Denver Club:

Denver, Apr. 25. Best six at 200 yards, 269. Best six at 500 yards, 282. Total, 551.

F. W. PITKIN,
N. B. LORD.

The total by the Milwaukees was 550 points, showing that the Denver gained the day by one point; close work, indeed.

BLUE JAY.

The Proper Military Position.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Having had some experience in the use of military rifles, I fail to agree with you on the position at long-range. It is a conceded fact, that the side which can fire the most shots, with the greatest accuracy, must necessarily win. To do this, the soldier must have a position from which he can keep his eye on the foe, and fire with rapidity and accuracy, and this can only be done from the back position. And if you desire, I will fire a certain number of shots, the time to be taken, or a certain length of time, the shots to be taken, also the score after the firing, you to appoint the referee. Providing this proposition is accepted, you are to name some person to fire on the same day, and in the same manner, he to shoot from the prone position.

R. O. B.

LAKE VIEW, ILL.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The following is the scores of the Lake View Club, at practice, on April 26, 200 yards, off-hand; weather clear, wind from 4 o'clock strong:

J. A. Cram	4	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	5—45
" Re entry	4	4	5	4	3	4	3	5	3	4—39
H. A. Bradley	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	3	5	4—43
" Re-entry	4	5	4	3	4	5	4	5	5	4—43
J. E. Tilt	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	4—43
" Re-entry	5	3	4	3	4	4	3	5	4	5—40
John Macauley	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4—42
" Re-entry	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
Chas. Catlin	4	3	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	4—42
" Re-entry	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	4—40
J. A. Colehour	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	3	4	4—41
" Re-entry	4	5	4	4	3	3	4	5	4	4—40
Wm. Burns	3	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	3—41
" Re-entry	2	4	4	4	3	3	4	3	4	3—35
F. Henrotin	4	4	5	4	4	3	5	4	3	5—41
" Re-entry	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4—39

BRAD.

NORTHWESTERN RIFLE RANGE.—Chicago—*Editor Chicago Field*—At the regular weekly practice of Geo. H. Thomas Rifle Club at their range to day, the following score was made at 200 yards off-hand; wind strong from 2 o'clock. D. B. Freeman winning badge with a score of 44.

Freeman, D. B	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	3	—44
Lyman	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	3	5	5—43
Tyrrell	5	4	4	3	5	4	5	5	4	3—42
Drury	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	5	4—40
Hobbs	3	5	4	4	5	3	4	4	4	3—39
Church	4	3	4	4	3	3	4	4	5	4—38
Chenoweth	3	4	2	4	4	4	3	4	4	4—36

CHY.

NORTHWESTERN RIFLE RANGE.—Chicago—*Editor Chicago Field*—The Thomas Post Rifle Club met to-day for practice, but had a slim attendance, and did not shoot for supremacy badge; wind strong and fitful. Distance, 200 yards; off-hand; the following is the result:

Lyman	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	—46
Tyrrell	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	5	4	5—45
Freeman, I. A	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	5—43
Freeman, D. B	4	4	5	5	5	3	3	4	5	5—43
Goodrich	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	—41
Hobbs	4	4	3	4	5	5	4	4	3	—40

CHY.

Fish and Fishing.

BY FRED MATHER.

Reports of the New Jersey Commission.

The commissioners of New Jersey rejoice that fish culture is yearly becoming more popular, and that the people are taking an increased interest in it, and have learned within a few years past that the wisdom and justice of laws regulating the times and modes of fishing are necessary for the preservation of an important item of food. There are, however, still to be found men who cling to the idea that the taking of fish at any time or in any manner, is a natural right which the law has no power or right to interfere with or regulate, and who cannot be made to see either the disadvantage to themselves or the wrong to their neighbors, of taking fish of any age or kind, in season and out of season, with any device that ingenuity or inhumanity can suggest. There are, for instance, on the upper Delaware river, men who build racks or fish baskets in which to capture eels and catfish in the Autumn, into which racks run millions of young shad, which, having been hatched further up the stream, are making their way to the sea, and when they have accumulated in sufficient number to choke the rack they are shoveled out and used to fertilize the soil! In some of the most magnificent trout streams in northern New Jersey, similar racks are constructed and by their means the streams are depleted of all trout of fair size, and when the streams are low, the few remaining fish are dipped with nets from the deeper portions of the stream in which they have congregated.

In some instances the efforts of these people to destroy the fishing have met with entire success, and some fine streams which formerly furnished not only good sport for the angler but a fair supply of food for the neighborhoods through which they run, are now wholly destitute of fish. It has been the desire and aim of the commissioners to accomplish the protection of fish by securing the co-operation of the people rather than by a rigid enforcement of the laws Enforcement of the laws without this co-operation is a practical impossibility.

The West Jersey Game Protective Society has extended its operations over the six southern counties of the state, and has not only devoted much time and money to the increase of game in that region, bnt has given much attention to the care and distribution of food fishes, and through the instrumentality and at the expense of this society, many of the waters of the southern portion of the state have been stocked with valuable fishes. Societies of a similar character exist in Morris, Union, and other counties, and not only furnish evidence of the interest felt by the people in the protection of fish, but also render the most valuable aid in the enforcement of the laws. The commissioners earnestly recommend the encouragement of the formation of such associations, through any legislation which may be found necessary or desirable.

An attempt has been made to procure the much-needed statistics of the annual value of fish and oysters taken in the waters of the state and a partial success chronicled. This is encouraging, as it is one of the most difficult branches of human industry to gather statistics in.

The principal shad fisheries within the jurisdiction of this state are on the Delaware river, and while it has been impossible to procure perfectly accurate data as to the amount of capital invested, the number of men employed, or the proceeds of any single season's fishing, sufficient statistics have been furnished to give an approximate idea of the extent of this interest.

The wardens of the several counties have made every effort to ascertain as nearly as possible the number of shad taken during the past season, and their reports show an aggregate of about seven hundred thousand taken in the Delaware river between the early part of March and the 15th of June, at which latter date the season closes above tide water. As nearly as can be ascertained there are about twelve hundred men employed in the work. The universal testimony is that the season has been a poor one, and the profits have been small, but at the average price at which the fish were sold—twenty-five dollars per hundred—the waters of the Delaware yielded within three months one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars worth of food in shad alone.

The production of the shad fisheries in this river has steadily declined for some years past. Thousands were taken twenty years ago to hundreds that are taken now. The increase in population, and the extension of railroad facilities through which the market was enlarged has led to excessive fishing and the consequent decline of the fisheries. Fewer fish are allowed to ascend the rivers and deposit their spawn, and there is necessarily an annual decrease in the number of young fish produced.

An idea of the extent to which the Delaware is fished during the shad season, can be obtained from the fact that the aggregate length of shad nets reported as in operation in this river during the past year was over *two hundred and eighty-four miles*, from the New Jersey shore alone, not counting those belonging on the Pennsylvania side, which it is fair to presume are just as lengthy and numerous!

The commissioners have made war on the abominable "fish-racks" and baskets and destroyed them. These contrivances kill young and old alike and should not be tolerated in any river. Shad from one to two and a half pounds are still taken and a larger mesh is recommended.

The salmon caught in the Delaware last year, accounts of which were published in the CHICAGO FIELD, are referred to as evidence that the waters are suitable for this fish, and about 475,000 have been hatched this year. The commissioners ask for a law forbidding the taking of salmon in nets for three years, and we see by the newspapers that the legislature has granted their request. Black bass, land-locked salmon and brook trout have also received some attention and several waters stocked with them. The increased demand for sturgeon has thinned the ranks of this truly good and valuable fish and the fish warden of Salem county asks for their protection.

The "herring," as the alewife is improperly called, has also unaccountably fallen off in numbers. If New Jersey had as liberal an appropriation for fish-culture as some other states there is no reason why her fisheries should not be greatly increased, as she has both coast and inland facilities for the growth and capture of great quantities of food.

A systematic examination of her rivers, lakes, bays and estuaries is much needed as a preliminary to proper legislation and stocking them with suitable fishes and their natural food, vegetation, etc.

Mackerel.

THEIR HISTORY, STATISTICS AND PROSPECTS.

The historic mackerel made his best flip in America with his insatiate friend, the conservative codfish, to the great delight of the Pilgrims and Puritans, in their exceeding time of need; a kind service their sons and daughters are not soon inclined to forget. Of all the finny tribes that roam or sport in the ocean, the mackerel is the most beautiful, eatable and valuable. While fresh it is found upon the table of the rich and poor, many months in the year; affording always a healthy and desirable, sometimes a delicious, and often for months an exceedingly cheap kind of food. Fresh mackerel have been sold in London markets as high as seven shillings each, and as low as sixty for one shilling.

There has been inspected in Massachusetts alone, during the ten years preceding and including 1874, two millions three hundred and sixty thousand and eighty-three barrels, an average of two hundred and thirty-one thousand six hundred barrels annually. At an average price of twelve dollars and a half per barrels which must be conceded a low estimate for these years, we have an annual product of about three millions from the salt mackerel department of Massachusetts. In 1850 Professor Storer estimated that about eight thousand barrels of fresh mackerel were sold in the Boston market. Since 1850, owing to increased facilities for transportation, and the general use of ice, this branch has been augmented in Boston at least ten fold. Immense quantities are carried direct to the New York market during the spring and early summer, counting which, and other places, it would seem a safe calculation that at least half as many mackerel are now sold fresh as are salt packed. Estimating their value the same as the salted fish, and allowing only half a million for all the mackerel caught in Maine and the other states, we have five million dollars annual income to the industry of the state, on an outlay of thirteen millions. This five million is purely productive; every dollar comes from the ocean. Not even farming is so pre-eminently and entirely a productive industry. The fisherman ploughs an untaxed furrow that needs no replenishing year by year.

It is almost incredible how fast mackerel may be caught by a trained crew. The mackerel sometimes go up so fast that the whole side of the vessel shines like silver. In July, 1842, a crew of eleven men and boys "struck a school" of biting mackerel on George's Bank. In twenty-five minutes they caught thirty strike-barrels (a barrel so full that the live mackerel jump out.) Ten hours such fishing would give six hundred strike-barrels, or about three hundred barrels, which, at the present price of that quality, would stock $7,500. Among leading mackerel fishermen, Skipper Richard Rich, of Truro, was a celebrity in his day. For many years he was "high line" in the country. On account of sailing many years in the schooner Osceola, he became quite widely known as "Osceola Dick;" some thought that mackerel knew him as well and came to his hook. One hundred and fifty wash-barrels was not a great deck for Osceola Dick. He has taken one hundred and ninety wash-barrels in a single day, all saved in good order, and without feeling very fishy.

In pursuit of food, mackerel roam the ocean as the beast roams the forests; but they move north or south by laws as fixed as the rule of the seasons. Thoreau, in his "Cape Cod," tells of a Wellfleet farmer who kept his schooner anchored in sight of his house, and while his corn and potatoes were growing, and at other odd times, with his boys he ran down to Virginia, and other points along the coast. Thoreau calls the schooner a market-wagon, which this ocean farmer drove amain. As the farmer calls his flock by scattering corn, and thus leads them to fresh pastures and fields anew, so these sea-farmers call their flocks into the bays and on the banks of the coast, and feed with food convenient for them. In other words, the thousand or fifteen hundred sail of fishermen that used to fringe our shores, and by a systematic practice scatter a hundred thousand barrels annually of fat, fresh-ground food to the mackerel called "throwing bait," had educated the fish to visit, feed and fatten in handy pastures.

I have stated that the average catch for the ten years ending with 1874 was two hundred and thirty-one thousand six hundred barrels, and for the ten years ending with 1833 the average was two hundred and forty-seven thousand six hundred barrels—about sixteen thousand barrels more annually than in the last decade. In 1830 the population of the United States was less than thirteen millions; in 1874 it was over forty millions. The same ratio of consumption as in 1833 would require eight hundred and sixty-seven thousand in 1877—say one million barrels. Our whole catch in the English and American waters of North America this season is not one-fifth of that quantity. Although the advantages of transportation have increased at a prodigious rate, yet the sales of mackerel have fallen off over three hundred and fifty per centum per capita.

As we have taken so successfully to eating oatmeal, may we not take another lesson of the hardy Scotch, and learn to eat more fish? Surely if eating oat-meal and herring have given them brawn and brain, they may be proud of both. Dryden did not mean the Gaels when he said, "Brawn without brain is theirs." In 1860 there were employed in the Irish herring fisheries 57,000 men and boys, and more than 14,000 vessels and boats. The Dutch and Scandinavian fisheries are enormous, the fisheries of Norway being its leading business. In 1818 there were inspected in Massachusetts forty-seven thousand barrels of mackerel, which was the largest of any year in its history. It was regarded a good year for mackerel, and a great many wondered where all the mackerel went, and who ate them. In 1820 two hundred and thirty-six thousand barrels were inspected, and all found a ready market. In 1831 the returns were three hundred and eighty-three thousand barrels, and no complaints of surplus stock. If any should think my standard of a million barrels per annum a fancy estimate, let me call your attention again to figures. At the ratio of expansion during the thirteen years from 1818 to 1831 we should need in 1890 nearly two millions of barrels. There need, then, be no doubt about the capacity of the country to consume all the mackerel that can be caught, however rapid the increase.—*Shebanah Rich, before the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association.*

Are Eels Akin to Snakes?

HICKORY GROVE, VA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have seen a good deal in your paper about eels, so when I came across the enclosed article in the *Southern Planter and Farmer*, I decided to copy it and send it to you. It was written by M. G. Elizey, M. D., a man of considerable note here in Virginia and a member of the State Medical Society; he is also a professor at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Blacksburg, and has a regular department assigned to him in the *Planter and Farmer*, which is published at Richmond, Va.:

[From the Southern Planter and Farmer, of April, 1879.]

"Eels—are they kin to snakes? We shall leave that question to Darwin and Huxley. You know they are the leaders of modern thought; and it takes a thought leader to find out a thing of that kind. They say eels are a connecting link between the batrachians and the true fishes, and, standing in that position, they are no kin, or, if any, very little, to snakes; though they may be cousin-german to a salamander or mud puppy. But there is another question: how did the eel get into this position of middle-men? Did he evolute, so to speak from his cousin catfish? or did he involute from his cousin mud-puppy? or did he proceed from that great practical evolutionist, his uncle, bull-frog, who used himself to be a tad-pole? These are momentous questions, but the writer hereof is not a modern thought leader; hence he does not undertake to settle them. A smart fellow, however, is this eel—slippery, you know. He knows that the position of middleman, if not altogether one of honor, is certainly one of profit and emolument; hence, having attained to that position, he refuses to "offshoot" any more; he will no more either evolute or involute; he is a middleman forever—first, last, and all the time.

There is another question much argued: Does the eel lay eggs, or does she produce her young alive? It is now settled that she lays eggs; but where does she lay them? When, where and how do they hatch? These questions remain to be answered. Any one can find out such things as these. It does not require a modern thought leader nor an intellectual giant to solve them; but any ordinary man who happens to discover them in the act can tell where they lay and hatch. Eels ascend fresh-water streams in the spring, and descend to brackish water in the fall. This, however, seems to be a very limited movement, when compared with the enormous numbers of them found hybernating in the mud-flats of tide-water. We are convinced that there are millions of these eels which are hatched, and which spend their entire lives in and about those mud-flats, and we are further convinced that there are colonies or families of them localized in the meadows and marshes about the springs of inland sections, in which localities we have often seen them dug out of the mud by ditchers, both in autumn, after they had left the neighboring streams, and in spring, before they began to ascend them. These may have been stragglers who had determined to desert the main body and go into winter quarters in that mud rather than take the trouble to swim several hundred miles down stream to the mud-flats of tide-water for that purpose; or they may have belonged to a family born and bred in that place, and never having experienced the wish to roam. Eels are very widely distributed over the world, and we doubt whether they are to be classed as strictly migratory in their habits. They rather, perhaps, stay longest where they fare best. Wheresoever mud is, there eels are at home. When the weather is cold, they bury themselves at the end of a sort of burrow in the mud, keeping the hole open. Last winter, along the shores of the Chesapeake, they were destroyed by thousands, when the tide having been driven out before the furious northwest wind, miles of the flats were left bare and exposed to a temperature below zero. The unhappy eels all froze to death; nor did they thaw out and come to life again when the water flowed in. Freezing seems to kill them more effectually than cooking, for, when cooked done and brown and set aside, they will presently become raw again; whereas, judging from the odor those that are frozen make no effort to come to life again, but quietly remain dead. One other point in the natural history of eels which is not generally known, perhaps, is the readiness with which they make somewhat extensive passages over dry land in order to get around obstructions to the ascent of streams or to pass from one stream or body of water to another. We once encountered a large-sized eel late one warm sunny afternoon in September, making his way very quietly and deliberately through some short grass toward a small stream at the far side of a meadow some three hundred yards away and coming from the direction of a spring under some trees—the nearest water in the direction from which he came, some two hundred and fifty yards distant. This eel evidently knew what he was about, and was guided on his way either by instinct or experience. A gentleman from Fairfax county informs us that he saw an eel one afternoon come out of an alder swamp from among some bull-rushes, where the mud was nearly dry, and pass over a railroad track and move off across a dry sod toward a small stream some distance off. Being decidedly nocturnal in their habits, it is likely that such overland trips are undertaken more frequently at night than in the day time. As food fish, eels take a very high rank. Their flesh is by many considered a great delicacy, and at particular seasons vast numbers are sold in city markets at profitable prices. They are enormously prolific and may be readily cultivated in ponds of proper construction; but they are voracious destroyers of the spawn of all sorts of fish, often proceeding to the extremity of attacking the gravid female for the purpose of securing the coveted spawn. Eels are the just abomination of anglers and gill-netters. Some persons will not eat them because they look too much like snakes; others decline them because after being cooked and set aside they get raw again; and we once heard an ancient colored lady say she was afraid to eat them for fear they might 'come alive agin' in her stomach. It is not to be doubted that eels are, on the whole, savory and wholesome food. The Dutch cook them with onions in a peculiar sort of salmagundi scramble, the smell whereof is extraordinary."

JESSE EWELL, JR.

South German Prejudices Against Dead Fish.

[Translated for the CHICAGO FIELD.]

The following may give an idea of prejudices with which the fish dealer in South Germany has to contend in order to introduce sea-fish in the smaller places.

The principal objection raised is: "I cannot eat sea-fish because they taste of the sea."

Whence comes this expression in South Germany?

The South German public is strongly prejudiced against dead fish of both salt and fresh water, however fresh these may be, but they are not very particular about so-called stock-fish (dried cod, etc.). If these are well dried they may be profitable food on account of cheapness, but it often occurs that in consequence of unfavorable conditions in drying, inferior qualities are attained which are also sold to the trade. This fish in some parts of South Germany is soaked about three weeks in fresh water and strong ley in order to give the flesh the necessary elasticity. In spite of all these manipulations it is impossible to make that peculiar odor entirely disappear, especially with the inferior qualities. When these fish come upon the table cooked, they frequently develop a very penetrating taste and smell, but, after the old saying, *De gustibus non est disputandum*, there are many who cannot imagine a better dish than cooked stockfish, while others run away on coming near it. It is the latter who have the greatest prejudice against fresh sea-fish; this arises from the idea that because stock-fish are sea-fish, and have such a peculiar taste, *vulgo* "sea-taste," *ergo*, all sea-fish must taste the same! The public is confirmed in this idea, because in former years the slow transportation rendered it impossible to bring sea-fish in a fresh condition to South Germany, but this has been inproved, and really fresh fish can now be sent, as the travel is so much more rapid.

Besides these prejudices against all sea-fish there are others against particular kinds; the haddock of the North Sea has been introduced for several years, but finds much prejudice against it, and the same is true of the cod. This good and cheap fish does not sell readily under its proper name of *Dorsch*, at least the writer has had a singular experience in this respect, for six years ago he received for the first time, samples of them fresh and beautiful and advertised the same under the correct name of *Dorsch*.* The sale was very limited, and why? People declared in plain words: "You must not think that we are going to eat fish from which cod-liver oil is made, the fish taste like blubber." It was of no avail that I said that only the liver furnishes oil and had no influence on the taste of the fish, people could not be prevailed upon to give them a trial. As it is really a pity that such

good and cheap fish cannot be introduced on account of its name being associated with oil, I made another trial some time after, and had another cargo of Dorsch. This time I advertised them as "East-sea schell-fisch," an artifice which may be pardoned, for in the first place, the Dorsch belongs to the kinds known as "schell-fish," and, in the second place, it is a matter of dispute which are the best for the price, Dorsch or schell-fisch. This time I had the best of success, no one thought of the "oil taste," and as the fish recommended themselves by their good qualities and cheapness they found a ready introduction.

There are still many prejudices existing against dead river fish, which I will give in another article, as I am of the opinion that if proper care is taken with them in inland towns, especially in small places, a larger number of people may be induced to buy dead sea and river fish, and this is only possible by removing existing prejudices.—J. G. M., *in Fischerei Zeitung.*

*The German name of the cod is *Dorsch*, and of the haddock, schellfisch. In some parts of the country the latter name is used as a family name for all the *Gadidæ*, and the cod is called Kabbeljou (pronounced kabbelyow).

Carp and other fresh water fish are kept in glass or other tanks, and the purchaser selects the live fish, which is weighed and killed.

Water-Farming—Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt's Talk on Fish Culture.

Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt recently read an interesting paper before the New York Farmers' Club, on land-farming and water-farming. Mr. Roosevelt, who believes that birds are given to men to shoot and fish to catch, provided both can be turned to account as human food, and that there is no more harm in carrying a gun or a fishing-rod than in wielding an axe or a spade, encouraged the idea of wisely developing the sporting privileges of persons convenient to our cities and removing the idea that any revenue from it is degrading. "Trout," he said, "are sold in New York market during their season as high as $1 a pound, a price which is brought by scarcely any other kind of animal food, and if their supply can be increased a benefit will be conferred upon the community and a legitimate profit returned to those who produce them, while in many places inland and not accessible to the sea, that great store-house of fish food, there is difficulty in obtaining even the commonest sorts of fish. If the farmer can add to his usual crops a crop of fish he will be benefiting his neighbors as well as himself. To do so may seem to many at first glance a difficult operation, but not half so much so as making the broad acres 'laugh with a harvest' seems to the inexperienced. Fish farming has its rules and limits, precisely as land farming has, but is simpler and far more productive. From a single mature fish millions of young may be produced. A sturgeon contains nearly ten millions of eggs, cod and herring millions, shads hundreds of thousands, and even trout and bass several thousands. With good management these can all be hatched, and in some cases in a very few days. Once hatched, and fish provide for themselves; they need no food or care, they convert worthless insects or waste water-grasses into human food. The trout or bass from a farmer's pond costs him nothing but the trouble of catching, and compares in excellence on his table with his best poultry, to say nothing of pork that has been fed twice a day for months. The only loss of time or labor is in the catching, and to reduce that it is only necessary to make the fish abundant."

Mr. Roosevelt did not advise farmers, except in rare cases where they have unusual facilities, to undertake the artificial hatching of fish, but he urged them to utilize such ponds and streams as they can without labor or expense. This might not yield the greatest possible profit, but it would bring fair returns, and in no wise interfere with other occupations. After trout fry are placed in their proper elements—and it must not be forgotten that only cool spring water is suited to them—they will take care of themselves. In the course of a year or two they will have attained an edible size and can then be caught. Nothing is simpler than this, and yet how many streams and fine fresh brooks there are that perhaps once abounded with trout which are now wholly depopulated. There is, however, another kind of fish known as the fresh-water bass, which is possibly even more valuable than the trout for the farmer's use. It is not so exacting in the character of the water in which it will live, and will grow more rapidly; more important still, it needs no culture or care whatever, or any time. The parents, which are fairly prolific, lay their eggs in a sort of nest and watch over them till they are hatched. Bass have never failed to increase rapidly where they have been introduced, and they are suited to almost any pond. These are especially the fish to be used where water farming is to be combined with land farming in the simplest and easiest way. Nothing is required but to place a few pair of mature fish, which can be easily transported in any water they are expected to populate, and they will attend to the rest themselves. They can hold their own with any other species, even against the dreaded pickerel; they increase rapidly and grow quickly, and as human food they are excellent."

Mr. Roosevelt explained in answer to many questions, that there are two kinds of bass suited to different waters, but so alike in appearance as frequently to be confounded. What is commonly known as "big-mouthed" bass thrives in muddy or stagnant water, while the little mouthed fish require clean water running over pebbly bottoms. The latter are numbered among the sporting fish, as are the trout, which, until the past three years, were not propagated by the New York State Commission.

An Outrage.

An admirer of poetic gems sent us the following, from the *International Review*, with the request to reproduce it, and we sent it to the printer without comment, as what word of ours could add to its beauties!

JUGURTHA.

A NEW POEM BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!
  Cried the African monarch, the splendid,
As down to his death in the hollow
  Dark dungeons of Rome he descended,
  Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended;
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!
  Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriended,
As the vision, that lured him to follow,
  With the mist and the darkness blended,
  And the dream of his life was ended:
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

Our indignation can be imagined when we found that our new office boy, whose corpse is now cooling on the lower floor of our dungeon, had, during our absence, written and set up the following:

JUG EARTHEN.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHORTFELLOW.

How cold are thy baths, Ohio!
  Cried Uncle Pete, the catfishing nigger,
As down in the drink in the hollow,
  Off a log slid his thinly clad figure,
  More rheumatics to lessen his vigor;
How cold are thy baths, Ohio!

How cold are thy baths, Penobscot!
  Cried the angler, by guide unattended,
As he stepped in over his boot-top,
  While the wet, cold and hunger blended,
  And the dream of his "luck" was ended;
How cold are thy baths, Penobscot!

Sale of Norris' Rods.

The last lot of rods from the hand of the late Thaddeus Norris was sold at auction at the Kurtz Art Gallery in New York on last Saturday afternoon. Twenty-four trout and four salmon rods were sold to close his estate. Three of the trout rods and one salmon rod took prizes at the Centennial Exhibition. There was a slim attendance but the bidding was quite spirited, and although the prices brought were far below the actual value of the rods, they were fair for a per-emtory sale. The trout rods brought from $13 to $31, and one of the salmon rods which received the Centennial award and medal, a four-jointed greenheart and split bamboo, seventeen feet, three inches long, and weighing thirty ounces, brought only $46.

INTERESTING NOTES FROM SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.—Marshall's Ferry, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I find so much of interest here to a collector of objects of natural history that I have not done much fishing. An account of some fossil reptiles to be found north of this place has postponed a fishing trip. I expect to get some live white egrets this summer; they are beautiful birds and I hope to get both the great white one, *Herodias egretta*, and the little white one, *Garzetta candidissima*. There is a bird here called "water turkey" which I have not seen yet, and therefore cannot say if it is identical with either of those, which are so called further south, or not.

Gizzard shad, or as sometimes called, "hickory shad," *Dorysoma cepediana*, (var. *heterura*, Jordan) are plenty here, and locally called "quill-backs." A great many buffalo fish, *Bubalichthys* are now being taken, some as large as fifteen pounds; they are caught with hooks baited with dough mixed with cotton or corn meal, and cotton made into small balls. They also bite freely at mussels, of which this river has a great quantity and variety, one species of which has shells as large as very big saucers and much thicker. The paddle-fish, *Polyodon foliam* is often caught, and is really not a bad fish to eat, and a curious notion prevails that instead of being brain food their effect is erotical.

Two kinds of sturgeon, the rock-sturgeon, *Acipense maculosus*, and the red sturgeon, *A. rubicundus*, are more or less plenty; the former are the most common and grow to six and seven feet in length. I enclose a drawing and scale of a fish that is caught here which is strange to me; it apparently belongs to the sucker family, but has a longer dorsal fin and smaller head than usual.

W. M. LOCKE.

The drawing referred to is called a "suckerel" by Jordan, who gives its name as *Cycleptus elongatus*.—ED.

AN ARTIFICIAL SUCKER.—Richfield Springs, Otsego Co., N. Y. —*Editor Chicago Field:*—We usually have a bountiful supply of that insipid catastomoid, commonly called the sucker, at this time of the year, but for some occult reason, unknown to the deponent, they failed to connect on time to meet the regular demand, and in case this failure should extend to other localities I will gladly recommend the following substitute which I learn is extensively used in some parts of the West upon the occasion of such bereavements and is called the "artificial sucker." It is made as follows: Take five pounds of early veal, half a dozen fresh water clams, and a few bull-heads carefully skinned. Mince fine in a large chopping tray, add half a pound of refuse codfish bones, well bleached, and so brayed in a common mortar, as to average about half an inch in length. Also to give consistence, two ounces of Spalding's Glue or Cooper's Isinglass. If neither can be had, an equal quantity of white melted bees-wax will answer. Incorporate these ingredients thoroughly, and omit all seasoning.

It is alleged by those who have tried it that this mixture, when fashioned into fish-like form, and fried in pork fat, can scarcely be distinguished from the finest sucker, the texture being equally firm, the flavor (imparted perhaps by the clams) quite as delicate, whilst the bones, just as in the original fish, pleasantly titillate the palate and mucal surfaces generally.

It has also in these hard times, the great additional recommendation of being a very economical dish, costing less and going further—some say at least half a mile further—than the genuine article.

SPECTATOR.

KILLING FISH BY GIANT POWDER.—The Santa Cruz *Sentinel* reports the wholesale destruction of fish in the streams of that country, and says:

"The members of the Santa Cruz Fish Society, the people, the officers of the law, and the citizens of the San Lorenzo Valley, have a duty to perform. It is this: To arrest the Chinamen engaged in killing fishes in the tributaries of the San Lorenzo river. They kill them by exploding giant powder in the deep holes, destroying old and young, large and small. There is no use of putting Eastern trout in our mountain streams if those there are to be killed by explosive material."

Santa Cruz has been long noted for its excellent fishing streams, and on this account has for a number of years past drawn many people to its beautifully situated county to indulge in the pastime of fishing; but if no action is taken by the authorities there to put a stop to the destruction mentioned, we sincerely hope our fishing friends may be made aware of the gross carelessness, and go somewhere else to enjoy their favorite pastime. The Fish Society of Santa Cruz has some of the most inveterate fishermen, such as Amasa Pray, Sr., and J. H. Green, on the coast, and we hope they will look into the matter fully, and they certainly should do so when it is also taken into consideration that the District Attorney of the county, J. H. Logan, Esq., is the Secretary of the Society. We know that the latter's persistency is proverbial, and we hope that he will take the matter in hand.—*Pacific Life.*

FISH AS BRAIN FOOD.—Since during the acts of sensation and intellection phosphorus is consumed in the brain and nervous system, there arises a necessity to restore the portions so consumed, or, as the popular expression is, to use brain food. Now, as every one knows, it is the property of phosphorous to shine in the dark, and as fish in a certain stage of putrefactive decay often emit light or become phosphorescent, it has been thought that this is due to the abundance of phosphorous their flesh contains, and hence they are eminently suitable for the nourishment of the nervous system and are an invaluable brain food. Under that idea many persons resort to a diet of fish and persuade themselves that they derive advantage from it in an increased vividness of thought—a signal improvement in the reasoning powers. But the flesh of fish contains no excess of phosphorus, nor does its shining depend on that element. Decaying willow wood shines even more brilliantly than decaying fish. It may sometimes be discerned afar off at night. The shining in the two cases is due to the same cause—the oxidation of carbon, not of phosphorus, in organic substances containing, perhaps, not a perceptible trait of the latter element. Yet, surely no one found himself rising to a poetic fervor by tasting decaying willow wood, though it ought on these principles to be a better brain food than a much larger quantity of fish.—*Dr. J. W. Draper, in Harper's Magazine.*

SALMON IN THE STANISLAUS.—The Tuolumne *Independent*, of Sonora, Cal., says that a fish ladder has been, through the energy of Postmaster Levy, of Columbia, placed in the Stanislaus at Knight's Ferry, and salmon were ascending at that place. The only obstruction now to their passage to the head waters of the Stanislaus are the two dams above the ferry. One of these, owned by Pentland Brothers, is five miles above Knight's Ferry, one and a half miles west of Crabtree's. The other is a dam owned by the San Joaquin Irrigating Ditch Company, three-fourths of a mile above that owned by Pentland Bros. Both of these dams are complete obstructions to the upward progress of salmon. At request of the State Fish Commissioners, Mr. Levy recently visited these two places, posted himself thoroughly as to location, ownership and work necessary to be done, and has made his report to the commissioners. He has received a reply that the commission will see that the ladders are put in immediately. In addition, he has received their thanks for his public spirit in the premises, and has been appointed Deputy Fish Commissioner for this part of the state.

THE BEST BAIT FOR BASS.—Coffeyville, Kan.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—As the best bait for bass has been pretty extensively discussed, I will tell you the kind I used, and which was the only kind to be had under the circumstances. Owing to the dry season the water in the creeks is not running, and in some places they are perfectly dry, but we find deep pools from twenty to thirty feet wide and from fifty yards to one hundred yards long. It is in these pools we find the best bass fishing. To get minnows is out of the question; at least I found it so after trying two hours with a minnow net, minnow hooks, etc. While dipping for minnows I caught a bass that would weigh probably a pound; this I cut up for bait. I do not know what prompted me to do so, for the idea never entered my head that bass were cannibals. My line had not been in the water a moment when I found myself trying to land a three-pound bass, and land him I did in a short time. I baited my hook again, and in a few moments I had one that would weigh two pounds. It is unnecessary for me to go into details and tell you of every bass I caught, but in less than two hours I caught nine bass that would average one and one-half pounds apiece. I do not suggest this kind of bait to brother sportsmen, and would not have used it myself if I could have got anything else.

CHOKE COLLAR.

TROUT AND FLY RODS.—Next to catching a trout is what you catch him with. In the waters of the Rhone, it is said, it takes two to make a party, one is furnished with a sledge hammer and the other with a crow bar. With this "delicate tackle" they invade the boulders. A blow of the sledge hammer stuns the concealed trout, a quick motion of the crow bar turns over the boulder, and the bewildered victim floats to the surface.

Here-a-ways, in the State of New York, this "rig" has been improved, until Doctor A. H. Fowler, of Ithaca, makes a split bamboo fly-rod, weighing from six to seven ounces, "the very perfection of the art." They are hexagonal. This form was first adopted by Doctor F. and seems to be the *ne plus ultra*. They are finished with the enamel all preserved, and on the outside.

No material yet discovered equals the bamboo in strength, lightness, elasticity, and perfect action, when properly put together.

These rods are used by many of the most scientific fly-casters all "across the continent." It is some evidence of the Doctor's ability to make a fly-rod, that on all occasions at the N. Y. State contests the Fowler rods, of whatever material, have won first prizes. A limited number will be made this season, and *only on private orders*. They will be made mostly by the Doctor's own hands, and every rod will be guaranteed, with fair play, and in the hands of a master, to hold any trout that swims, provided he don't feed himself with his tail.

A. H. FOWLER, Ithaca, N. Y.

Dr. Fowler's One-Ounce Rubber Trout Reel, The Gem. Liberal discount to the trade. For circulars, address as above.—(Advt.)

GOOD TROUT AND BASS FISHING.—Hokah, Minn.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Bass and trout fishing is a No. 1 just now. Every other man met out on the streets is carrying a rod, and the numbers taken daily are surprising; 24 trout to one, 38 to two, and 74 to three rods were the catches for the 23d ult. Two youngsters took 17 as fine bass as ever struck hook, in two hours, yesterday. Good work for youngsters of 12 years.

I met Col. Culp yesterday, a gentleman of the old school, who carries the flag for the largest fish of the season—a muscalonge weighing 12 pounds. A number of visitors have been here lately enjoying the fine sport, and every one seems to be well pleased with the way they are treated by Shook of the Tremont and Marsh of the Union House. Visitors are welcome, board is cheap, and fish of all kinds plenty.

WILL.

A WHALER'S LUCK.—New Bedford, Mass., April 23.—The bark Gazelle, Mosher, from Bay of Islands, with 900 barrels of sperm and 350 barrels of whale oil to Messrs. Swift & Allen, arrived yesterday. She sent home on the voyage 400 barrels of sperm, 120 barrels of whale oil and 700 pounds of bone. She has on freight 342 barrels of sperm oil from the ship Horatio, to Messrs. Tabor, Gordon & Co., and forty barrels of ambergris from the bark Perry, to Samuel Osborn, Jr., of Edgartown.

Small Fry.

—The fisherman's song:—"We will gather by the river." The milkmen pause and listen and evidently are taking great interest in the sentiment.

—Now is the time for some philanthropic inventor to earn enduring fame hereafter, and a comfortable living for the present, by giving to a patient and long-suffering people a boneless shad.

—Prof. Scudder, of Massachusetts, recently depicted to the National Academy of Sciences the agony of the palæozoic boarder when he discovered the leg of the palæozoic cockroach in the palæozoic butter.

—Seals have lately been seen in the Connecticut river, and several of them have been killed or captured along the coast of New Jersey, and it is reported that a dozen have been killed in the Delaware this spring.

—The dumping of garbage in New York Bay is destroying the oyster fishery, and Councilman Elsworth, of Bayonne, N. J., who is in the oyster business, threatens that if it is not stopped by law he will raise enough armed men to put a stop to it by force.

—Kilbourne has a salmon picture on exhibition at the National Academy of Design, New York, and one at Blackford's in Fulton Market. His pictures are so much admired that we have stood around them listening for some one to find fault, but so far have been unsuccessful. The fish are from different studies, and one of them is for Mr. A. Booth, of Chicago.

—War has been declared against the Poles!

Again!

Yes, the news has just arrived.

Poor country, it has suffered since Freedom shrieked and Kosciusko fell.

Oh! it's not Kosciusko's poles.

No? What poles then?

The shad-poles.

—The New York *Telegram* recently published a notice of the death of Capt. Herbert A. Chester now in charge of the nets, drags, and deep sea apparatus of the U. S. Fish Commission, who served with great credit as first officer on the ill-fated Polaris expedition. We are pleased to say that it is not true. Professor Goode writes: "He is as well and strong as ever." To which we will add, May he continue so.

—The Harwich, Mass., *Independent* says: It is a palpable fact that our fisheries are on a decline. A wail comes up from all the fishing towns on the New England coasts that the fisheries are

perishing. Governor Talbot saw the impending calamity, and in his message called the attention of the Legislature to the alarming condition of the fisheries. Reports and statistics go to show that there is not by one-half the number of vessels belonging to the fishing fleet hailing from the States as formerly, and on the other hand, the provincials have started up, and have done more the past year to extend this branch of industry than for the ten years previous.

—A correspondent now in Italy writes that the culture of oysters and other mollusks in the gulfs and bays along the seashore is now receiving special attention in that country. In the southern provinces this industry was very flourishing at one time. The oysters of the Sea of Taranto, of the coasts near Naples, of the Lakes of Luerino and Zusaro, were famous. Of late some malady has attacked the oysters, and the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce is studying methods to prevent its extension. The succesful culture of the oyster in other countries persuades the Italians that there are remedies for the evil. The coast has many favorable localities for oyster culture and they are to be carefully examined and planted.

—The Pilot Commissioners of New York city are removing the shad poles from the eastern side of the river and harbor. New Jersey does not disturb them and it is by her fishermen that the shad poles have been erected in defiance of the law, in New York waters. This war has been going on for twenty years, and although the New York voyagers have returned each year with the spoils of victory the stubborn Jerseyman continue the annoyance. The little tug Trojan recently went out to forcibly remove them. A number of sturdy looking men and a few blue-coated policemen were the crew. Their weapons of warfare are principally heavy chains, which daring men fasten around the objectionable poles, and the staunch little tug does the work of displacing them. The work is done under a special law of the state, passed in 1857. Prior to that time the fishermen were yearly encroaching on the channel, and navigation was much impeded. The first expedition under the authority of the law met with much opposition, and Commissioner Blunt who then commanded the raids, had to resort to physical force to protect his men. Of late years the tactics of the fishermen have been to ridicule and molest the workmen as much as possible, and nothing more serious is expected now. The Pilot commissioners have of late repeatedly notified the fishermen to remove all poles planted east of the middle of the river, but no notice having been taken of the warning the war will be vigorously prosecuted.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1879.

Massachusetts Kennel Club show, Boston, Mass., May 6, 7, 8 and 9. Entries close April 28. Chas. Lincoln, Supt. E. J. Forster, Sec'y.

The Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association second annual bench show, Omaha, May 13, 14 and 15.

St. Louis Kennel Club show, St. Louis, Mo., October 7, 8, 9 and 10. Chas. Lincoln, Supt. C. H. Turner, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

English Kennel Club field trials, April 30 and May 1.

Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association's field trials, Nashville, Dec. 1, H. C. Prichitt, Sec'y.

National American Kennel Club's field trials, Nov. — J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., Sec'y.

FOREIGN DOG SHOWS.

Alexandra Palace dog show, July 2 to 7. G. Lowe, Sec'y.

Birmingham (England) Aug. 12 to 15. Sec. Mr. J. B. Lythall.

(From our Special Reporter).

The Philadelphia Bench Show.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—According to your instructions to continue my descriptions of the bench shows, I came to this city to attend the one given under the auspices of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. A few remarks may not be amiss concerning the statements made by myself as to the Westminster exhibition. I found that the greatest interest was evinced as to who the writer was. Listeners are supposed to hear no good of themselves and in part I was no exception. I heard myself abused and complimented by turns. The abuse I cared nothing for, but when I was forced to listen to unstinted praise, I feared that the tingling of my ears, and the consequent rush of blood there, would inevitably betray me. One thing consoled me, that was, I got honest opinions as to your course regarding the immaculate John Davidson and the Westminster Club, and its particular henchman, the kennel editor of the composite-headed journal. You may rest assured that you have, if nothing else, caused a genuine and particular interest to be taken in your most ably managed journal, the CHICAGO FIELD, by your strictures upon both the gentlemen and the would-be sportsman's-newspaper. I fear me, that the field editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm* came in for a portion of the abuse intended for myself, as I heard his name mentioned frequently as the author. I am sorry for this, as he appears to have on his hands matters of disagreement with others sufficient to keep him busy in the argumentative line—without having my sins to answer for—for some time to come. I have also heard much comment as to Gothamites confounding Frank II., who was not exhibited, with Royal Ben, who was. When I tell you, and your many readers, that I only knew the dogs by their catalogue numbers and number of stall, and found Royal Ben in stall No. 233—which can be substantiated by many—the mistake is easily accounted for. He should have been in 234, but instead of that was in 233. Another thing has been much commented upon. That is the statement of the rude treatment of the Catholic Priest, Father Killeen (*not Killen*). I understand that Mr. Granger has stated that the reverend gentleman was "drunk." He thus attempts to palliate his rudeness by adding a slander. I know personally that this is untrue. I was introduced to Father Killeen not an half hour after the occurrence took place, and can therefore speak authoritatively. Beyond the indignation natural under the circumstances, there was nothing to complain of. Besides the Catholic clergy are not in the habit of making beastly exhibitions of themselves in public places.

I see also while upon these matters of controversy that the hydra-headed is out with an article headed "dogs on the bench and dogs in the manger." It may be I am obtuse, for I have been looking long for its application, but have been unable to find it. Now let me say a word. I have written nothing save truth. I know that it is not always palatable. Perhaps the matter may be considered personal, but I know festering sores must be opened. Pus is unpleasant, but it must be gotten rid of, for the patient's benefit. When you attack such a mountain of it as is contained in the journal referred to, is it a wonder a nauseous odor arises? A journal whose chief editor is only brilliant in the description of a gentleman's dinner as a Bacchanalean orgie. A business manager who receives pointers sent to other people, and *cares* for them until they die, without an effort to find the owner, though but a few blocks off; who also vaults into notoriety upon the back of a Bogardus, when he accomplishes a disputed feat and cannot say a word in defense of his position, when fairly prodded to do so, by the "cold steel" of a contemporary's pen. A kennel editor—well!!! I can only add to my former description the fact of his trying to force himself into the judging ring here at Philadelphia, when he knew it was against the rules and contrary to the wishes of the judges. So much for *that* and now *revenons a nos moutons*.

THE EXHIBITION.

Philadelphia is a straight-laced city regarding its thoroughfares. Although you can cut off no corners in going about the city, at the same time, no sane man can go astray. Different from Boston, here when you start for a place you get there. At the Hub, you may start in its crooked lanes for a certain spot and after an hour's tramp find yourself, like a lost wanderer in the woods, not a yard from where you started. William Penn builded wiser than he knew when he planned an equal cross for his initial streets of a great city. North and south runs his first line, now Broad street, and one of the finest thoroughfares in existence, in any city. Right across to the other cardinal points—east and west—cutting the city into four great squares, as it were, runs Market street. The cross streets are numbered from the Delaware river, west, and are called north or south, as they lie on either side of Market. Each block contains its hundred numbers, so that a visitor need only to name his destination of five hundred or fifteen hundred and it must be either Fifth or Fifteenth streets. A fact easily learned by all. Broad street north of Market has not yet gotten over the incubus of being the former route of the Pennsylvania Railroad to its late depot, now Wannamaker & Brown's clothing house. When changing to West Philadelphia it took along the rails but left the character of the street the same. Where formerly grain houses and other establishments of trade existed we find now the buildings left but the business gone. These old tenements have become livery stables, horse auction marts, and blacksmith and wagon shops. In this neighborhood the Industrial Art building is situated; in this building was given the bench show. It was an unfortunate selection, being out of the way, and off the direct line of traffic. The good features of the place were the abundance of both air and light. The bad ones, want of size, and location. The stalls were well placed so as to economize all available space, while the judging was done in a shed outside of the main hall. The judges were, for the sporting classes, Messrs. John E. Long, Major J. M. Taylor, and J. D. Sergeant; of all hounds, I. Howard Willets, William C. Hay, and Josiah Hibbend; non-sporting dogs, Messrs. Theodore Fassitt, William Struthers, and Edward Dudley. The judging was done privately, which I cannot but think an error. I made no effort to get in the judging room, as I believe always in obeying established rules. If they are wrong, secure their amendment or repeal; but while in force, respect them. By this course I certainly saved myself the rebuff administered to the kennel editor of the double title. As to the judging I can find but little fault. The dogs winning prizes at the Westminster show almost universally met with no acknowledgment here, and that fact alone sufficiently attests the correctness of my views as to the character of the awards as made at the New York exhibition. Of course losers will always growl more or less, but here defeat was accepted graciously, while at the Empire City corruption and favoritism were charged frequently. The entries in the regular classes, irrespective of the specials, numbered all told five hundred and thirty-eight, of which the numbers over the even hundreds were probably absent. I shall commence my description of the show by first mentioning the

CHAMPION POINTERS.

Eight entries and those of the St. Louis Club, Bow and Westminster's Sensation and Pallas absent. The first regretted, the last much commented upon. Sensation blood here received such a terrible set-back that the dog's absence was a good thing, for they could not but have howled in disgust at the estimate with which the judges here regarded their blood. Edmund Orgill, despite the fact of the "organ" piping out the statement from the bellows of its Kennel Editor, that the reason of his dogs not winning at the Westminster, was because they were all out of condition on account of sickness in the gentleman's kennel, went to the front in this class with his Rush. This dog is a fine-sized lemon and white by Flake *ex* Lill—a strain of blood second to none in the country. Rush is nearly white, but the white very much ticked; is a powerful rangy dog of good height, but a trifle long in body, though roundly and closely ribbed. His career has been almost uniformly successful. Second in Baltimore 1877, puppies, Rose mentioned below taking first: captured same year first at New York, thus reversing the order of merit, and capturing with her the special prize offered for best brace of pointers. Again they took a special with their sire Flake as the best trio of any pointer's get shown. This year they remained unplaced according to the judging at the late Westminster, yet here we find them going to the front only a week later, and, according to my idea, in not a whit better condition. Among the dogs of this class I fancied next to Rush, the liver and white dog Frank, of Jacob Staiger of this city. The white was most strongly ticked, and though a little coarse in frame I have no doubt but what he is a good one. In champion bitches, the Rose alluded to above, another of Orgill's, was awarded first, and deservedly so. She is litter sister to Rush; is a medium sized bitch with good head and shoulders, but a little faulty in hips.

CHAMPION ENGLISH SETTERS.

A small class of only five entries, and Arnold Burgess' Druid and Rob Roy, and L. H. Smith's Paris all absent. This destroyed all interest for it—gave but a "walk over" for first place, which went to Royal Duke belonging to H. L. and I.C. Magraw of Colora, Cecil Co., Maryland. He is a fine sized, grandly headed, black, white and tan, and good enough to win in any company, so I have no fault to find with the award. In bitches of this class four entries and Burgess' Queen Mab and L. H. Smith's Dart absent. John C. Higgins of Delaware City, Delaware, took first with Petrel, and though the "blue blood" here, she being by Prince *ex*-Lill II, I question the award. Petrel is undersized, flat headed, and extremely pig-jawed. Her shape is only middling. Her only competitor was Rhoda, the bitch imported by Mr. Lort last season—if I remember correctly. I liked her over Petrel, although her short snub nose is much against her. She has also black on but one side of her head, which detracts from her beauty, but she is a sturdy, stocky bitch. I don't like Petrel, but I do like her owner, for upon but a short acquaintance, he appears a thorough and most enthusiastic dog-lover.

CHAMPION IRISH SETTERS.

Burges' Rufus, absent, and competition only between W. N. Callender's Rory O'Moore and Massachusetts Kennel Club's Berkeley. Like the man sleigh-riding with two girls, adoring both, yet not knowing which to kiss first, so I fancy was the predicament of the judges here. Berkely was finally the one selected for first honors. Where both were so good, individual preference perhaps carried the day. Either way the judgment would be sustained. In bitches but two entered; these the Fire-Fly of H. W. Gause of Wilmington, Delaware, who got first, and the Massachusetts Kennel Club's Duck. The first, a medium sized bitch of capital color and form, yet with an ear which had so much curl or wave in its hair as to appear spaniel like. In spite of this defect away ahead of her single competitor.

CHAMPION BLACK AND TANS.

But three entries, and first deservedly won by Grouse of the Toledo Kennel Club, Toledo, Ohio. He is by Rock *ex*-Floss is; a large dog of capital coat, both in texture and color, fine headed, deep chested, good legs and feet. I can find no fault with the award. In bitches this class had but two entries, Nassau Kennel Club's Nell, black white and tan, and C. Z. Miley's Midge, black and tan. The first-named won first. Here there was no competition, for neither was good. The winner, being strongly pointed in the jaw, I did not like at all, and fancied the other still less.

OPEN CLASS LARGE POINTERS, DOGS.

Ten entries, with never one in the lot I should call a fine dog. All were coarse in looks and this class was a disappointment. First went to Chas. S. Pancoast's Duke, a large sized white and orange dog, coarse in both head and hair. Second went to liver and white Rock, the white so strongly ticked as to be almost a solid liver, and belonging to I. Trowbridge Bailey of this city. Third went to a powerfully built up dog, looking like the pointer of a couple of decades ago, liver and white in color, heavy headed, heavy lipped, and heavy framed; he was much like the typical Spanish pointer of the period referred to. A good fair dog, that I fancied as well as any of the winners, was James P. Sim's Tom, a good orange and white, whose chief fault was a lack of ear. In bitches of this class but two entries, Geo. K. Cragin's Lady, a solid liver colored one and the liver and white Zeal of the St. Louis Kennel Club. The latter was absent. The Lady was out in her best, for her coat was superb in its condition. She is a large, strongly put together bitch, with an extremely faulty head.

In dogs small class, ten entries, and much better in quality than the larger fellows. First went to Thomas Dunbar, Jr.'s Dash, a roan in color, but a fair shaped dog. Second to Du Bois Wagstaff's Lord Dufferin, of Babylon, Long Island. Third to H. C. Potter's white and orange Dash. First award all right; for second I fancied Orlando Branson's flea-bitten, liver colored Jack, a first rate animal in make up, though mayhap a little throaty. Four entries in small bitches. The Westminster winner of first placed here third. I characterized her in my telegram to you as crooked-tailed. I will take that much back, as upon closer examination I found the end of that member all raw and bleeding from switching it against the wire netting that ran across the part of her stall. I fancy this bears out what I said of her in connection with her winning of the first in New York, "so fine as to peter out after a few hours' hunt." Here by simple confinement in a stall she was wearing her tail to fragments without a brier or bush to draw blood. What a comment upon the capacity of the bitch for field work. I again say that this Sensation blood is not the thing. First went, as it should, to Orgill's Belle, a most sensible award, despite only the V.H.C. of the Westminster judges.

IMPORTED ENGLISH SETTERS.

This was as fine a class of dogs as was ever exhibited anywhere, and there were twenty-five entries. Words are weak and adjectives insufficient for me to worthily discuss this class. Where nearly all are so good, it seems invidious to make or institute comparison. First went to Dash III., by Blue Prince—Kate, and a better dog, it would be hard to find. His head, shoulders and loins are so good that I can find no fault. Black head and ears, white body, but that color strongly flecked with black, making him a blue in looks as well as in blood. Major Taylor informed a company of ardent admirers clustered around the dog, that in the field he was the fastest dog that ever went a foot. I can well believe it for he has the "symptoms" well defined. Second went to Snellenburg's Thunder. This award I did not fancy as I think him—although good from loin forward—so bad and faulty back of that as to more than counterbalance his excellent form in front. Third went to John C. Higgins' blue belton Pontiac, by Pride of the Border *ex* Petrel. This dog has a good fair head, in fact more than good, in all save jaw—which is a little too "snipy" for my taste. The same gentleman showed four others in this class, none of which were inferior animals, Anthony Higgins, of Wilmington, Delaware, in Roger, a black, white and tan, by Rob Roy *ex* Belle, had as fine a dog as any in this class after the winner of first. Roger's head was a grand one in shape. He, however, came in for a first class ribbon—V.H.C. The bitches of this class were another superior lot and just as good in character as the dogs. The first award here I must object to, as it had no reason whatever in its giving. How on earth it ever went where it did, is one of those extraordinary things which you see in judging, yet can find no cause for, save in the probable bewilderment and consequent confusion of the judges from looking continuously at so many animals. First was given to W. N. Strother's Frost, of Lynchburg, Virginia. She is of first rate blood, being by Leicester *ex* Victress. There her goodness begins and ends. She is of poor color, slab sided, and with a head extremely faulty in its style. Second went where first belonged, to the black and white Countess II., by Count Dick *ex* Phantom, belonging to the Harvard Kennel Club, of Cambridge, Mass. Countess is of medium height and rather long for her height, but a more compact, sturdy form was never seen. She is strong everywhere, without a suspicion of coarseness, and to all this strength is added a beautiful head—dome shaped, well eared, intelligent in eyes, and with a muzzle and nose as square as a block, not a suspicion of "pork" in its looks or shape. As we can't account for her second—conundrum-like we "give it up."

Third went to Countess Petrel, another of the entries of John C. Higgins, who can descant you by the hour upon the merits of the Dan Laveracks and the Duke Rhoebe blood. Cornelia, a black, white and tan bitch by Leicester *ex* Dart, belonging to L. Shuster, Jr., of this city, and shown with litter of puppies, I have marked in my list as an excellent bitch with first-rate head and form. To tell the truth I had Countess marked for first position, and this bitch Cornelia for second. In puppies, over eight months, of this stock there were ten entries. Of these, Count Dick II., by Count Dick *ex* Petrel took first. He is a capitally made little fellow, but with a jaw altogether too pointed to suit my own particular ideas of head beauty. Second went to Count Petrel, of which dog we have no mention in our minutes. Both belong to John C. Higgins, and we do not care to contradict his winnings, for from his love and enthusiasm, even though it be mis-placed, I have the highest respect. Personally I fancied the lemon and white Blast by Gladstone *ex* Belle, as well if not better than either first or second. I do not wonder at the distribution of ribbons in this class of imported blood, for there were truly many deserving ones in it.

NATIVE ENGLISH SETTERS.

Fifty-one entries, and a better lot is seldom gotten together. Where all are good it is extremely hard to institute comparisons. I feel that my judgment of dogs has received a pat on the back by the judges here, that has caused my bump of self-esteem to enlarge considerably. It almost seems as if the judges had taken your correspondent's description of the dogs he fancied, and in accordance with that, given their awards. Thus in pointers, Edmund Orgill went to the front with Rush, Rose and Belle, while in setters, two dogs that I especially noticed as being good ones though comparatively unnoticed at the Westminster exhibition here at this stand first and second respectively. I refer to Edmund Orgill's Ray, who got first, and Alfred Schnabel's Stanley, of Short Hills, N. J. Pardon my egotism if I re-produce

criticism on both: "Stanley is a grand-sized, well-filled-out dog—thirteen months—being deep-chested, well fore-armed, grand loins, joining a pair of hips as smooth and clean as can be, etc. Another good one is Orgill's Ray, who is sire of Stanley above alluded to." So much for your correspondent's idea of a dog. Third went to W. H. Doyle's Jerry, a fine lemon and white, with a magnificent pair of almost speaking hazel eyes, set in a capitally shaped head. Don, a white dog with liver colored ears, by Colkett's Echo *ex* Belle, though unnoticed, was a first-rate animal, and with as good a shaped head as any in the exhibition. The Horace Greeley of Franz Scheppers, this city, was although poor in jaws, these running to nearly a point, had one of the finest and handsomest coats I looked at. Head and style of body good, yet entirely unnoticed, not getting even a ribbon of the lowest order, nevertheless he deserved it. Henry Schreiber's orange and white Dash, according to my judgment was another good one though unplaced. Bitches were an inferior class in quality, and small in number, there being but fifteen. First went to E. C. La Montagne's orange and white Abbey, by Young Laverack *ex* Dido, of New New York city. I may remark in this connection that the extraordinary success of the Laverack blood, especially that strain coming through Charles H. Raymond's Pride of the Border must be something extremely gratifying to that gentleman. I regret that I was unacquainted with him, for I would have much liked to congratulate him upon it. Second went to J. Henry Roberts' Nell, an orange and white of Philadelphia. Third went to Joseph H. Douglass' May, also an orange and white, and of the Quaker City, too. My own particular fancy in this class was the white lemon ticked Flora belong to I. B. Bradley of the same city. She was a good one all through, and a bitch to be proud of. Native English puppies were but eight in number. First went as it should have done to Baltimore Kennel Club's Deacon, an orange and white by champion Gladstone *ex* Frost. Second to another good one, the almost white Blanche, belonging to E. C. Hines of this city.

IRISH SETTERS.

This class, as at New York, was the poorest of all the setters in quality. All kinds and really all shades of red in color were here seen. The entries numbered twenty. Of these Derg repeated his New York victory, and won first again. Derg is a large-sized, deep-chested dog, a little leggy I fancied, and with a little too heavy a head, but for all that he is a good dog, and undeniably the best here in his class. Second was given to Don, a red dog with white spot on breast, of good form and good color, belonging to Emlen Hewes, of Wilmington, Delaware, by Rufus *ex* Coleen. Third to a fair-styled dog, but salmon-colored instead of mahogany-red, the Dan, of R. B. Morgan, Canton, Ohio. In this class as a whole one of the chief faults I noticed was the want of the true Irish type in shape of head, as well as extremely poor color of coat, many of the animals being merely the "yellow dorg" we all read of. I liked Robert Emmett, a red dog with white frill, belonging to F. F. Allbright, of this city. He was, however, not the Irish setter in shape, having the broad skull of the English, which, handsome though it be, and indicating brain power as it does, is not the shape wanted in this class. In bitches but eight shown, and never a good one in the lot. First went to R. B. Morgan's Flirt, of Canton, Ohio. I fancied for this position J. Clarence White's Kelpie; although only getting second, she was in my eyes away ahead of Flirt when judged by the standard. Third went to Robert Neville's all red Norah. She was the best of those remaining, and fairly entitled to what she got. In puppies, but one entry of but little merit, and most justly passed over. Class twenty-three, red and white Irish setters, had nineteen entries, and an ordinary lot at that. In truth, I was disappointed in these Irish dogs all the way through the different classes. First prize was given to Montague, a red dog with white frill and white on face, belonging to Charles DeRonge and H. Inman, of Millburn, N. J. He was the best dog shown, but had not the long, narrow head of the true Irish dog, but rather the flat, comparatively broad one of the English, or perhaps I should say a modified English head. I shall not stop to dispute the award, for he was by far the best in form and looks. Second went to Red Gauntlet by Thorstein *ex* Loo II., and he was a good, fair dog. Third award I must object to. It was given to the Dash of J. W. Fassitt, of this city. By courtesy dubbed a red and white, he was only a red roan and not half so good as Edward Maher's red and white Jack, whom I fancied should at least have gotten third. Frank Furness, also of Philadelphia, showed a pair of roans in color, as decided in its hue as the strawberry roan of a horse, and though unplaced and almost unnoticed, I could not but like them. I heard many comments upon them, as: "Here's a pair of good ones. I'll bet these are field dogs." Well, they might have been, for they had every appearance of being cut out for hard work, and would take plenty of it. Bitches of this color, four entries, and I confess I did not perceive the winner of first, entry No. 228½, the Lou of Barton Pardie, of Hazelton, Pa. Second to H. C. Steahman's Biddie, and third to the Psyche of Walter R. Furness, of this city. I do not wish to be at all captious, but like that player with the heathen Chinee, "I am free to confess" that I know the third prize getter, Psyche, to be away ahead of the others, if judged by Stonehenge. In puppies of this color, but one entry, and that was given a first. This award I feel like quarreling with. In the first place, this bitch, the Maud of Gilbert Sniffin, of Philadelphia, was not a red and white in color at all. She was of a decided liver and had no business to be called a red. The award should have been withheld as in class 22.

BLACK AND TANS OR BLACK TAN AND WHITES.

This was one of the best portions of this exhibition, and comprised seventeen entries, all more or less good. In fact, I was surprised to see so much merit in all. I do not say that they were up to the standard, for points have been lost apparently and the judging is as likely to give first to a dog with the long narrow head of the Irish setter as it is to the broad head which should go with the true Gordon. First went, as was natural, to the Sank of T. Forman Taylor, Colts Neck, Monmouth county, N. J., and I have no desire to find fault. He is all that I said of him in my report of his winning first at the late Westminster. Second went to Samuel D. Bergen's Dash of Camden, N. J. Third went to the same gentleman's Duke, and they were an exceedingly handsome brace. I liked Lemuel Willey's Mac, of Point Lane, Baltimore, Maryland. Mac is a large powerful dog every way. Not a white hair on him, the black perfect in its ebon hue and the tan of superb color and placed just where it ought to be. He, however, had an Irish bred and the long wavy-haired ear of the same breed. In bitches, but six entries, with Garrett Roach's bitch Lady Gordon, by Grouse, *ex* Belle, going to the front for a good first. She was not in as fine feather, either fringe or flag, as I like to see, but for all that was a grand looking bitch, the best in her class by odds. Second went to another good one, the Bessie of George N. Appold, Baltimore, Maryland, a first-rate animal, too. Third was given to Robert N. Elder's Fly, of the same city. I have no fault to find with any of these awards. The three bitches were all first-class, and it was "Hobson's choice" to select the winner. In puppies, but one entry, that of Linn Hartranft, a son of the ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, and a new recruit, judging by his expressed enthusiasm, in dog breeding. This pup, by the way his name was Ned, is a slashing strong built-up whelp, and bids fair to make a giant in size, as he is already larger than nine-tenths of the strain, though but nine months old. I shall not quarrel with his award of first, even though there was no competition.

SPANIELS.

Spaniels a mixed lot, comprising under the head of cockers, all sorts and sizes. First went to Daniel P. Foster's Charlie, of New York city, a rather medium liver and white mottled dog. Second to Snip, owned by S. S. White, Jr., of this city, another liver and white, although called in the catalogue a brown and white. Mr. Daniel Cohen, of the Quaker City, showed liver and white Sport who had as fine a spaniel ear as I ever saw on a dog's head, but he was too large in size and looked also as if of half setter blood. John L. Simpson, also of Philadelphia, showed a black spaniel called Black Prince, that was a meritorious animal all over, although unplaced. The entries numbered seventeen. Bitches only two entries, one of which was Frank C. Hollin's Feather which took first at the Westminster, and which award I commented upon at the time as being given to an animal which was of no use in the field and only pretty as a toy. This admonition was evidently heeded, for the Nellie of George Heywood, a bitch not so good looking but of some use was awarded first and Feather second. If the class had been larger I much doubt whether she would have gotten that. In spaniels other than cockers and Irish water, were six entries. The handsomest one was a very pretty and useful sized orange and white, who got first, the Duke of my personal friend, Alfred Vezin, of Frankford, Philadelphia. I of course know him, but under my *nom de plume*, he has not the slightest idea as to who Gothamite is. Second went to William Kirk's solid liver dog Rod. A good handsome one he was too. This class as a whole was good. In Irish water spaniels but three entries and one of these absent. First went to Mrs. Frank Furness Leander, a large dark liver in color, and fair coated dog. Second to Charles W. Bailey's Barney. The latter I liked much the best; his coat was of that indescribable curl and his form was exceedingly good. I fancied that gratifying a lady gave Leander first place over Barney. Chesapeakes but two shown. First to Baltimore Kennel Club's Rose, a dog of a dirty liver color. The second was given to Simon J. Martinet's Sinbad, a large powerful dog, and to my fancy much better for the work of retrieving through a heavy sea or a breaking surf, than the dog that got first.

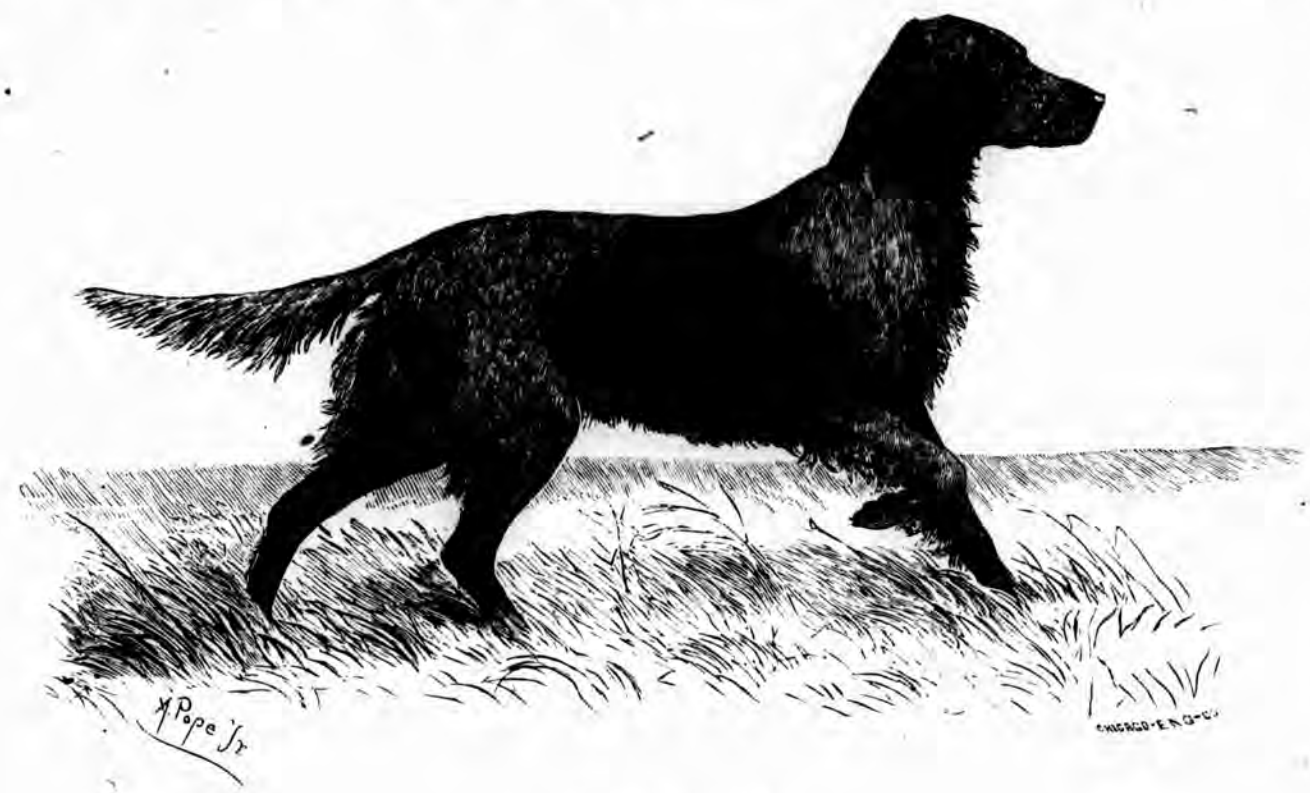
Poodles but one, he a black and white in color and a I should judge by what little I know of the strain, a good fair dog. Greyhounds seven entries, of which first went to John F. Keen, Jr.'s Royal Dane, a fawn in color and second to Rose, a mouse colored bitch belonging to N. Hooton, of Morton, Delaware county, Pa. Both of these were in the height of condition but to my idea both were altogether too fine. Duke, a fawn-colored dog, was a rattler in looks and build, and looked a goer, with strength and muscle enough to keep him going if necessary.

FOXHOUNDS.

I now come to *the* feature of this show. The exhibition of this class was a thing of beauty and to be long remembered. The entries numbered seventy, and all were fair. Many excellent ones, and I fancied not a weedy, poor one, in the lot. Box stalls were built, four in number, and each, say, twelve feet square. Saw dust covered the floor, while across one end ran a raised shelf or landing place some three feet wide, kennel fashion. This was covered with salt hay, which by its dark green color, threw off in capital light the light coated dogs as they stretched themselves upon it. The display was a capital one, and was just *ten* times as large as the same feature of the Westminster exhibition, in that one a beggardly lot of three and a half couples, while here there were thirty-five. The majority of them were black, tan and white, with occasionally a true red, or a dark tan. First prize went to Thomas Davis' Dixey, Jr., of Warren Tavern, Pa. The dog, a fine large-sized, large-boned animal, and of the prevailing color, black white and tan. Second to entry No. 295, the same colored dog, belonging to the Rose Tree Hunt of Delaware Co., yeclept Trailer. I would mention in this class an old dog evidently, as his muzzle was as grey in its hair as a badger's hide, the dog Musie, owned by Drake and Whitehead of Trenton, N. J.; he was put together for work and I liked him much, although he was unplaced. In bitches first went to the Rose Tree Hunt's Nip, a good bitch she is too. Second to the black and tan Flea, of the Lower Merion Pack of that named place, Pa. In the entries for couples first went to Nos. 351 and 352, Joe and Trick both tri-colored and owned by the Rose Tree. Second to the Box and Ann of Thomas Davis, both good ones, and both black and tan in color. In the babies of the strain only two entries, of which Reuben, a black and tan, of the Rose Trees took first. The show in this department was an admirable one, and the dogs attracted great attention, as was attested by the crowds of spectators constantly looking through the wire netting of which the stalls were made.

BEAGLES.

These were sparce in number, and the show not a good one in quality. The Westminsters were ahead in quality most certainly in this particular feature. There were but seventeen entries, of which Rattler, a fair little fellow and tri-colored, took first. He was owned by Messrs. Dodge and Baker of Detroit, Michigan. Second went to Prentiss and Gallup's Spot, a black and white dog, coming from Wilmington, Delaware. In bitches the first went to the gentlemen from Detroit, who captured it with their tri-colored Belle Second to another tri-colored one, Beauty of George Pownall, of Christiana, Penn. Shown in couples, without regard to sex—class No. 43—J. A. Stoll of this city, won in a canter with his two tri-coloreds Charmer and Chanter. Second to the Gess and Fan—same color as preceding, belonging to August Lange of Baltimore, Md. Charmer and Chanter were the only entry in the "baby" class, and were awarded first, although there was no opposition, because of their undoubted quality. In dachshunds but three entries, and Dr. Henry Twaddell captured first with his fallow red Unser Fritz, and took second as well with his chestnut and tan Zankerle. These would have won in lots of good company, for both were full of merit.



CHAMPION BERKLEY.

COLLIES.

A larger show in numbers than at New York, and infinitely better in quality. First went to the Frank, of H. Sparmaker, of this city, a Gordon looking dog in both shape and color. I infinitely preferred for first place the mixed tan-colored dog Shep, of Thomas Berry, who got second. Another of the same name—Shep—I also liked a fine young dog of yellow-tan color with black points, belonging to Frank I. Samuel, of the Quaker City. He was only a year old, and if he keeps on as he is growing now, I have no doubt will be heard from again, though unplaced here. But one puppy in this class, and given a first to console him in his loneliness, though I fancied unearned.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Seven entries in all black colored, and five in black and whites. In the former a medium-sized, rather smooth-coated animal took first, Nero, of C. Crawford Coates, of Philadelphia. He had too much the appearance of a setter to exactly suit me. Second went to the Captain of L. S. Borsef. Pluto in this class, a dog owned by C. S. H. Packard, was a grand dog in size with an exceeding curl to his coat. There will have to be two classes eventually in this breed, the wavy-haired and the curly-coated. Black and whites but one fine specimen, and I was glad to see he got the first he deserved. He was owned by Dr. Hooper, of this city and called Frank. Second went to Margaretta. C. MacVeagh's Bob, a good, fair animal.

ST. BERNARDS.

One entry in rough-coated, the brindle-fawn dog Turk, of Mr. D. P. Foster, of New York city. In smooth-coated dogs six entries, four of which were sent by John P. Haines, of Mamaroneck, New York. He took first and second awards. I fancied Don, the second, better than Harold, who took first. The gentleman repeated here at Philadelphia the dual win which he had in New York in the same class.

MASTIFFS.

But five entries, of these the King Olaf, of William F. Morgan, of New York city, took first, as at the Westminster. There was no doubt of his being the best here by long odds. Second went to the fawn dog Grim, of A. C. Johnson, of this city.

GREAT DANES, OR SIBERIANS.

I was glad to see here the true classification or these brutes. Siberian is a nuisance of the worst sort. The best dog in the class, the most pronounced and best specimen of the strain, in fact, the best I ever saw, remained unplaced. This was the white-dalmatian-spotted-with-black dog Bull, owned by Robert Clark, Jr., of this city. He was a first-rate dog of the kind, but remained unplaced, for what reason I cannot imagine. First was given to Dr. E. Morwitz's Sedan, a spotted grey in color, with white eyes, with neither size nor true type to recommend him. Second went to G. Bressan's drab and white dog Miro. As type was entirely disregarded, I think that the chocolate and white dog Philip, owned by Henry Paul, of Philadelphia, should have gotten first. In size he was truly a noble brute.

BULL DOGS AND BULL TERRIERS.

A mediocre display in the first, both in number and quality. First went to F. A. Miller's Ben, of New York city, a compressed nosed brindle, which I did not fancy at all. Second to Thomas D. Burke's Jennie, another brindle. Bull terriers, but eight entries, and nothing extraordinary in any of them. First to M. Robinson, Jr.'s, Nan, a white bitch with one black ear, and she was as good as any of the lot. Second went to Samuel Shearer's Pete, a white dog. I fancied personally J. William White's Cure, a very fair brindle and white dog. Fox-terriers, only seven entries. The display in this class away behind the same at the New York show. First went to Rattler II., a nice black white and tan, belonging to Thomas D. Burke, of New York city. Second went to the metropolis also, Mr. Burke taking it with his orange and white bitch Vixen, thus capturing a double event. In puppies, but one entry and no award. The same in class 58. In Irish and Scotch terriers, class 59, but two entries, and no prizes awarded. Class 60, for rough and broken-haired terriers, six entries, first going to a capital dark tan colored dog, Sandy of Robert S. Redfield, of this city. Second, Edward Daily's yellow dog Jack. Skye terriers, fifteen entries, and in Yorkshire's but five. The prevailing fashion for these toys, as well as for the brutal looking pug has not as yet reached this city of "brotherly love." Robert McClellan got first in the first mentioned with his Tom, a blue and gray dog, while second went to Morris R Stroud, Jr.'s, Topsy, a mixed colored bitch. In Yorkshires, Thomas I. Kalaaghar repeated his New York victory by winning first again with his Ben II. Thomas D. Burke gaining second with his blue and tan Charlie, both of these little fellows beauties to look at.

PUGS,

but five entries. How the common sense of these Philadelphians here asserts itself. In dogs, first went to Punko, belonging to Mrs. W. W. Fisher, of Germantown, Second to Dr. W. S. Webb's Bothnia. In bitches of this strain, first was won by the Judy of Mrs. F. J. Kimball, of Germantown.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

But eight entries, yet in quality so good as to make up for lack in numbers. One thing in this class I cannot understand. For some years, or since the inauguration of bench shows, breeders have been trying to obtain solid colors, to the loss of good looks. I still think a yellow fawn, with white legs and face, makes the most beautiful strain to look at in the world. There is something in this combination of color which goes to make a handsome animal. In this class, first went, properly, to the solid fawn in color, Neppy, of Mrs. Annie M. Kramer, of this city. Neppy was one of the most graceful things I ever saw, far ahead of anything at the Westminster. Second to the dark fawn colored Vic, of Ellis M. Campbell, also of Philadelphia. This was also a beauty, and it was hard to say which was the best. Toy spaniels nothing worthy of the name. In toy black and tans, seven entries. First went, in a medium in quality lot, to the bitch Kate owned by Richard Berriman, and second to William Taylor's bitch Dollie, both of Philadelphia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

All sorts, you paid your money and you here had your choice. Thirteen entries, so you had a lot to choose from. Nondescripts and curs of no breed met your gaze. First went to the terrier Jim, a white animal who should have gone in the toy terriers. Three seconds, one to a fair Dalmatian dog entered and owned by Patrick McGinly, another to the white Spitz dog Hector, belonging to Miss C. Falkner, and the remaining one to Michael B. Andress' blue dog Sam Tilton. Class 72 had a lot of entries, sixteen as my notes state it

THE EXHIBITION.

Taken as a first effort we can all look upon the failings of the management with a charitable eye. Apart from the discourtesy exhibited toward the press by one or two, who were entirely out of place in the management. I can assuredly bid one and all God speed. The brusqueness of those referred to, was more than counterbalanced by the attention given to visitors by the other members of the club who more than made amends by their thoughtfulness. Never was a truer saying that "age must give way to youth," and bench shows are no exception to the general rule. Tickets of admission were issued to the press as a matter of favor and not given as a thing due. I fancy this will account for the small attention and space given by the Philadelphia journals to the bench show. This will account also for the meagre attendance. The press is not a beggar asking for favors, for in all these cases, it gives more than it receives. So with this admonition I close my description of Philadelphia's first bench show under the auspices of her kennel club.

LIST OF ENTRIES.

CHAMPION CLASSES.

Class 1.—Pointers—Dogs. E. A. Willard, Sefton; J. Staiger, Frank; Edmund Orgill, Rush; J. J. Snellenburg, Button; Max Hellmich, Dan; Westminster Kennel Club, Sensation (not for competition); Westminster Kennel Club, Pallas (not for competition); St. Louis Kennel Club, Bow.

Class 2.—Pointers—Bitches. Thomas Dunbar, June; Edmund Orgill, Rose; J. J. Snellenburg, Topsy; St. Louis Kennel Club, Clytie; R. M. Lindsay, Dolly.

Class 3.—English setters—Dogs. H. S. and S. C. Magraw, Royal Duke; Arnold Burges, Druid and Rob Roy (not for competition); Max Hellmich, Grouse; L. H. Smith, Paris.

Class 4.—English setters—Bitches. John C. Higgins, Petrel; Arnold Burges, Queen Mab; Jesse N. Starr, Jr., Rhoda; L. H. Smith, Dart.

Class 5.—Irish setters—Dogs. Massachusetts Kennel Club, Berkley; H. C. Steahman, Pat II.; Arnold Burges, Rufus (not for competition); Geo. W. Ogilvie, Ben; W. N. Callender, Rory O'Moore.

Class 6.—Irish setters—Bitches. H. W. Gause, Fire Fly; Massachusetts Kennel Club, Duck.

Class 7.—Black and tan, and black, white and tan setters—Dogs. Toledo Kennel Club, Grouse; Nassau Kennel Club, Knight; Robert N. Elder, Rapp.

Class 8.—Black and tan, and black, white and tan setters—Bitches. C. Z. Miley, Midge; Nassau Kennel Club, Nell.

OPEN CLASSES.

Class 9.—Pointers, exceeding 55 lbs.—Dogs. Robert W. Neilson, Nob; Joseph Gatley, Ned; James P. Sims, Tom; Samuel Fleming, Bill; Jos. J. Snellenburg, Fisk; J. T. Bailey, Rock; Chas. S. Pancoast, Duke; Warren Supplee, Badger; St. Louis Kennel Club, Faust; R. M. Lindsay, Viscount.

Class 10.—Pointers, exceeding 50 lbs.—Bitches. Geo. K. Cragin, Lady; St. Louis Kennel Club, Zeal.

Class 11.—Pointers, not exceeding 55 lbs.—Dogs. H. C. Potter, Dash; Baltimore Kennel Club, Black Prince; Thomas Dunbar, Jr., Dash; J. G. G. Gavitt, Dash; Max Hellmich, Blick; O. Branson, Jack; J. J. Snellenburg, Toby; Garrett Roach, Van; F. W. Shepherd, Spring; G. Boker, Buck; C. Du Bois Wagstaff, Lord Dufferin.

Class 12—Pointers, not exceeding 50 lbs.—Bitches. Robt. Schultze, Nell; Edmund Orgill, Belle; Geo. Van Wagenen, Dutchess; L. Willey, Eliza.

Class 13.—Pointer puppies, over 8 months of age—Dogs and bitches. H. S. Magraw, Crystal; E. R. Fiske, Duke; Garrett Roach, Van; Thos. H. Terry, Chiswick.

Class 14.—Imported English setters, and their descendants of any generation, without admixture of any other blood—Dogs. Wm. N. Lee, Roybel; James H. Clark, Carlowitz II.; Gen'l A. T A. Torbert, Bob III.; Carl D. Gentner, Sill; A. Higgins, Roger; H. W. Gause, Warwick; John C. Higgins, Lincoln, Nestor, Pontiac, Pride and Rink; Harvard Kennel Club, Dash III., Hamlet and Drake; John E. Long, Coin; Russell Thayer, Wonder; John Buckley, Frank; Miss G. Ervin, Bob; J. J. Snellenburg, Thunder, and Count Dan; Geo. A. Clark, Mack; Jesse N. Starr, Jr., Cheedle; F. McKeon, Don; Irving & Waddell, Penn.

Class 15.—Imported English setters, and their descendants of any generation, without admixture of any other blood—Bitches. L. Shuster, Jr., Cornelia; J. H. Clark, Princess Draco; E. W. Clark, Jr., Pitt; Harry Rohrman, Grace; Gen'l A. T. A. Torbert, Diane IV; Dr. W. W. White, Queen Anne; C. Z. Miley, Mettowitz; H. W. Gause, Ollie; W. N. Strother, Frost; P. Mealey, Mattie Lyle; John C. Higgins, Daisy Lincoln, and Countess Petrel; Harvard Kennel Club, Countess II.; Jos. A. Porter, Victoress; Jos. J. Snellenburg, Poeress, and Rhoebe II.; John McMullin, June.

Class 16.—Imported English setters, and their descendants of any generation, without admixture of any other blood—Puppies under eight months of age—Dogs and bitches. H. W. Gause, Blast, and Brant; A. S. Payne, Dolly; John C. Higgins, Countess Petrel, Countess Phantom, Countess Lill, Count Dick, Count Dash, and Count Dan II.; Max Hellmich, Grouse, Jr.

Class 17.—Native English setters—Dogs. Edward Waln, Jr., Don; C. H. Newhall, Mich; L. Shuster, Jr., Jerry; Geo. T. Hazlehurst, Flash; Noah W. Caughy, Emperor Nicholas; D. C. W. Smith, Zach, and Raven; T.W. Sharpless, Jingle; David Shuster, Mac; M. I. Herold, Dick; Frantz Scheppers, Horace Greely; Anthony Taylor, York; Sussex D. Davis, Bonnie Doon, and Rock; George B. Kester, Blaze; Richard T. Miller, Jere; H. T. Staley, Ranger; Jos. A. Coleman, Percy; Geo. T. Jones, Mat; E. W. Taylor, Bruce; J. R. Schuyler, Dike; W. H. Doyle, Jerry; D. McClinch, Dan; Arthur Burt, Bob; H. C. Watts, Glen; Frank H. Shuster, Harry; Geo. Emlen, Ned, (not for competition), and Sting, (not for competition); Benj. W. Richards, Ponto, and Lark II.; S. Crothers, Nicodemus; J. P. Knight, Bendego; Henry Schreiber, Dash; Jas. B. Patterson, Spurt; Edmund Orgill, Ray; F. G. Sheldon, Brussells II.; J. McKinney, Bismarck II.; Saml. J. Downs, Shot; T. DeWitt Cuyler, Hark; T. M. Jenkins, Chance; J. D. Winsor, Colin; John Markoe, Mac; Joshua Tevis, Spring; Geo. W. Twaddell, Camp; A. Higgins, Don; W. M. Wharton, Flash; Jas. B. Sword, Victor; M. Bailey, Bruce, and Frank; A. Schnable, Stanley.

Class 18.—Native English setters—Bitches. Edward Waln, Jr., Belle; Baltimore Kennel Club, Lady Clotilde, and Culzean; R. Mulready, Flora; William Wilkinson, Rose; E. C. LeMontagne, Abbey; A. Willis, Jr., Judy; J. B. Bradley, Flora; Joseph McIntyre, May; A. F. Huston, Jilt; J. H. Douglass, May; M. Feeny, Nell; J. H. Roberts, Dell.

Class 19.—Native English setters—Puppies over 8 months of age—Dogs and bitches. Baltimore Kennel Club, Beacon; E. C. Hine, Blanche; C. H. Scott, Mac; P. Mealey, Roan; W. K. Randolph, Biz; Edward Godfrey, Jim Fiske; R. Smirthwaite, Bob; O. H. McKnight, Dick.

Class 20.—Red Irish setters—Dogs. Baltimore Kennel Club, Derg; C. T. Thompson, Rip; C. Z. Miley, York; Emlen Hewes, Don; J. White Sprong, Smuggler; W. Townsend, Cash; E. F. Magill, Jim; Wm. F. McKillop, Major; M. Brierly, Dick; W. Tallman, Pat; R. B. Morgan, Dan; R. E. Drummond, Duke; F. F. Albright, Robert Emmett; Alfred Biddle, Grouse; E. G. Harrison, Dick; James N. Whelen, Patrick and Terrence; R. M. Lindsay, Albert and Don.

Class 21.—Red Irish setters—Bitches. C. Z. Miley, Floss; Robert Neville, Norah and Kathleen; J. Clarence White, Kelpie; J. E. Sharp, Cora; R. B. Morgan, Flirt; H. A. McNamee, Flora; W. H. Bryant, Jessie.

Class 22.—Red Irish setters, puppies over 8 months of age—Dogs and bitches. Baltimore Kennel Club, Florence II.

Class 23.—Red and white Irish setters—Dogs. Edward Maher, Jack; H. C. Steahman, Patrick II.; Richard P. Heckscher, Snow; John C. Johnson, Dick; Dr. J. W. Downey, Red Gauntlet; Charles DeRonge and H. Inman, Montague; T. E. Baxter, Jr., Frank; Wm. H. Whitall, Pedro; Frank Furness, Bryan Buroo and Frank; W. Wharton Fisher, Guy; J. W. Fassitt, Jim and Dash; Alfred Biddle, Pat; A. H. Mershon, Ponto; John S. Davis, Glen; James F. Gaffney, Sport and Major; Daniel M. Shibe, Dash.

Class 24.—Red and white Irish setters—Bitches. H. C. Steahman, Biddie; Walter R. Furness, Psyche; Chas. V. Tolson, Flush.

Class 25.—Red and white Irish setters, puppies over 8 months of age, Dogs and bitches.—Gilbert Sniffin, Maud.

Class 26.—Black and tan, and black, white and tan setters—Dogs. Samuel G. Dixon, Dante and Hector; T. DeWitt Cuyler, Dash; Allan A. Pancoast, Rudy and Grouse; Toledo Kennel Club, Bob and Judge; Samuel D. Bergen, Dash and Duke; F. L. Cooch, Clite; S. Fleming, White Stocking; Edward L. Mills, Ben; T. Forman Taylor, Turk; Spencer Trotter, Dash; Lemuel Willey, Mac; August Tillmes, Don.

Class 27.—Black and tan, and black, white and tan setters—Bitches. Samuel G. Dixon, Crete; Geo. N. Appold, Bessie; Nassau Kennel Club, Belfast; L. Curtis, Bess; R. N. Elder, Fly; Garrett Roach, Lady Gordon.

Class 28.—Black and tan, and black, white and tan setters—Puppies over 8 months of age—Dogs and bitches. Linn Hartranft, Ned.

Class 29.—Cocker spaniels, not exceeding 20 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. M. Daniel Cohen; S. S. White, Snip; E. B. Cassatt, Watt; Lemuel Willey, King and Queen; T B. Baldwin, Knight; M. W. Megargee, Don; John Jauffert, Fannie and Kate; John L. Simpson, Black Prince, Duke and Queen; R. M. Lindsay, Bub and Jennie; Daniel P. Foster, Charlie; F. W. Dietzel, Frank; Frank T. Wall, Toby.

Class 30.—Cocker spaniels, not exceeding 20 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. G. Haywood, Nellie; Frank C. Hollins, Feather.

Class 31.—Spaniels, exceeding 30 lbs., excluding cockers and Irish water spaniels—Dogs and bitches. Charles A. Reed, Mallard; F. Little, Paddy; Herman Hoopes, Drift; Wm. L. Bradbury, Eva; William Kirk, Rod; Alfred Vezin, Duke.

Class 32.—Irish water spaniels—Dogs and bitches. Mrs. Frank Furness, Leander; Chas. W. Bailey, Barney; W. D. Winsor, Sam.

Class 33.—Chesapeake bay retrievers—Dogs and bitches. S. J. Martenet, Jr., Sinbad; Baltimore Kennel Club, Rove.

Class 34.—Poodles exceeding 25 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. William McGonigle, Rolla.

Class 35.—Deerhounds—Dogs and bitches. Henry Pepper, Thane.

Class 36.—Greyhounds—Dogs and bitches. H. B. Curran, Carlos; A. Simon, Sam; Chas. D. Norton, Duke; John F. Keen, Jr., Royal Dane; M. Hooton, Rose; Robert Farr, Prince; Moses Dalzell, Flora.

Class 37.—Foxhounds—Dogs. Rose Tree Hunt, Chil, Trailer, Leader, (not for competition), Mercury, (not for competition), Drummer, and Chaser, (not for competition); Thomas Davis, John, Dixey, Jr., Stormer, (not for competition), Harper, (not for competition), Ben, (not for competition), and Ben, (not for competition); Leopard Pack, Randy, Stormer, Pilot, hero, (not for competition), Shorty, (not for competition), Boner, (not for competition), Snowflake, (not for competition), and Lead, (not for competition); Drake & Whitehead, Music; Lower Merion Pack, Slocum, Norwood, Simmons, (not for competition), Rover, (not for competition), Grogan, (not for competition), and Bob, (and not for competition).

Class 38.—Foxhounds—Bitches. Rose Tree Hunt, Dido, Nip, Juno, Doxy, (not for competition), Dina, (not for competition), Minerva, (not for competition), Sady, (not for competition), and Hornet, (not for competition); Thomas Davis, Belle, Lady, (not for competition), Music, (not for competition), Gipsey, (not for competition, Lill, (not for competition), Fan, (not for competition), and Fly, (not for competition); Leopard Pack, Music, Fawn, Young Ide, Fly, (not for competion), Lady, (not for competition), Blacky, (not for competition), Maid (not for competition), and Hornet, (not for competition); Drake & Whitehead, Gypsy; William Davis, Nell; Lower Merion Pack, Flea, Stormer, (not for competition), and Fan, (not for competition).

Class 39.—Foxhounds—In couples (without regard to sex). Rose Tree Hunt, Hunter, and Mose, Joe and Trick; Thomas Davis, Boxer, and Ann; Leopard Pack, Modoc, Sailor, Twilight, and Effie; Lower Merion Pack, Fly, and Sweep.

Class 40.—Foxhounds—Puppies over 8 months of age—In Couples, (without regard to sex). Rose Tree Hunt, Reuben and Ray.

Class 41.—Beagles—Dogs. Prentiss and Gallup, Spot; Wm. L. Bradbury, Major, and Victor; John Whitaker, Rambler; Dodge & Baker, Rattler; George Goodman, General Custer.

Class 42.—Beagles—Bitches. Wm. L. Bradbury, Crafty and Bellmaid; John Whitaker, Equil; Israel Whitaker, Fly; S. W. Rawlins, Fairy; George Pownall, Beauty and Bess; George Goodman, Sallie; Dodge & Baker, Bell.

Class 43.—Beagles—In couples (without regard to sex). Wm. L. Bradbury, Finder and Rose. August Lange, Gess and Fan. J. A. Stovell, Charmer and Chanter.

Class 44.—Beagles—Puppies over 8 months of age—In couples (without regard to sex). J. A. Stovell, Charmer and Chanter.

Class 45.—Dachshunds—Dogs and bitches. Baltimore Kennel Club, Cora; L. H. Twaddell, Unser Fritz and Zankerle.

Class 46.—Sheep dogs or Colleys—Dogs and bitches. John B. Ellison, Shep; Wm. Scorr, Ned; Samuel Hill, Neptune; Charles Pugh, Tom; Wm. Scorr, Nip; George Bond, Shep; C. W. Potts, Taddie; R. P. Heckscher, Jessie; Frank Samuel, Shep; Whitehead & Drake, Bruce and Collie; Francis Morris, Dollie; Wm. Hadfield, Nell; John C. Higgins, Shepherd; John P. Haines, Lassie and Roy; H. Sparmaker, Frank; Thomas Berry, Shep; Wm. F. Morgan, Meg Merrilies; J. J. Hilton, Ken.

Class 47.—Sheep dogs or colleys—Puppies, over 8 months of age—Dogs and bitches. Francis Morris, Bruce.

Class 48.—Newfoundlands—Dogs and bitches. C. S. W. Packard, Pluto; Chas. Hahn, Leo; A. H. Moore, Rover; L. S. Borsef, Captain; C. C. Coates, Nero; Thos. D. Burke, Dred (withdrawn); L. B. Dixey, Flora.

Class 49.—Newfoundlands, black and white—Dogs and bitches. Wm. R. Jenkins, John; Margaretta C. Mac Vesgh, Rob; D. L. Leeds, Flora; Dr. Hooper, Frank; N. H. Rand, Fan.

Class 50.—St. Bernards, rough-coated—Dogs and bitches. Daniel P. Foster, Turk.

Class 51.—St. Bernards, smooth-coated—Dogs and bitches. H. C. Hart, M.D., Monk; Robt. Adams, Jr., Count; John P. Haines, Judy, Harold, Bernie and Don.

Class 52.—Mastiffs—Dogs and bitches. A. C. Johnson, Grim; Chas. F. Lennig, Danger II.; Mrs. J. D. Lippincott, Glen; John Priestley, Jack; W. F. Morgan, King Olaff.

Class 53.—Great Danes or Siberians—Dogs and bitches. A. R. Warren, Bismarck; George G. Lennig, Leo; Henry Paul, Philip; G. Bressan, Miro; F. D. Benham, Ben; Jno. D. Rheinheimer, Sport; Harry M. Meyers, George; Dr. E. Morwitz, Sedan; Robert Clark, Jr., Bull.

Class 54.—Bull dogs—Dogs and bitches. Five entries.

Class 55.—Bull terriers—Dogs and bitches. Eight entries.

Class 56.—Fox terriers—Dogs and bitches. F. J. Kimball, Captain; Thos. D. Burke, Rattler II., and Vixen; James Vaughan, Nelly; C. Walton, Trickey and Young Mettle.

Class 57.—Fox terriers—Puppies over 8 months of age—Dogs and bitches. C. Walton, Crafty.

Class 58.—Black and tan terriers, exceeding 10 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. No entries.

Class 59.—Wire haired (Irish and Scotch) terriers, exceeding 10 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. Two entries.

Class 60.—Rough and broken-haired terriers, exceeding 10 lbs., excluding wire-haired (Irish and Scotch), Skye, and Yorkshire (silk-haired) terriers—Dogs and bitches. Six entries.

Class 61.—Skye terriers, exceeding 10 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. Fifteen entries.

Class 62.—Yorkshire (silk-haired) terriers.—Dogs and bitches. Five entries.

Class 63.—Pugs.—Dogs. Four entries.

Class 64.—Pugs.—Bitches. One entry.

Class 65.—Pugs.—Puppies over 8 months of age.—Dogs and bitches. No entries.

Class 66.—Italian Greyhounds.—Dogs and bitches. Eight entries.

Class 67.—King Charles and Blenheim spaniels.—Dogs and bitches. One entry.

Class 68.—Japanese spaniels.—Dogs and bitches. No entries.

Class 69.—Black and tan terriers, not exceeding 10 pounds.—Dogs and bitches. Seven entries.

Class 70.—Rough and broken-haired terriers not exceeding 10 pounds (excluding Yorkshire).—Dogs and bitches. One entry.

Class 71.—Miscellaneous.—Dogs for which no class has been assigned. Thirteen entries.

Class 72.—Extra class.—Puppies, under 8 months of age, and suckling bitches. Sixteen entries.

LIST OF AWARDS.

Class 1.—Champion pointers—Dogs. Edmund Orgill, Rush, l and w, Flake—Lilly.

Class 2.—Champion pointers—Bitches. Edmund Orgill, Rose, l and w, Flake—Lilly.

Class 3.—Champion English setters—Dogs. 1st, H. S. & S. C. Magraw, Royal Duke, bl belton, Carlowitz—True.

Class 4.—Champion English setters—Bitches. John C. Higgins, Petrel, lem belton, Prince—Lill II.

Class 5.—Champion Irish setters—Dogs. Massachusetts Kennel Club, Berkley, Elcho—Loo II.

Class 6.—Champion Irish setters—Bitches. H. W. Gause, Fire Fly, Rufus—Friend.

Class 7.—Champion black and tan setters—Dogs. Toledo Kennel Club, Grouse, Rock—Floss.

Class 8.—Champion black and tan setters—Bitches. Nassau Kennel Club, Nell, Echo—Bess.

Class 9.—Pointers exceeding 55 lbs.—Dogs. 1st, Chas. S. Pancoast, Duke, w and lem; 2d, J. T. Bailey, Rock, liv and w, Black Pete—imp. bitch; 3d, Joseph Gatley, Ned, br and w.

Class 10.—Pointers exceeding 55 lbs.—Bitches. 1st, Geo. K. Cragin, Lady, liv.

Class 11.—Pointers not exceeding 50 lbs.—Dogs. 1st, Thos. Dunbar, Jr., Dash, roan, Jack—June; 2d, C. Dubois Wagstaff, Lord Dufferin; 3d, H. C. Potter, Dash, w and o.

Class 12.—Pointers not exceeding 50 lbs—Bitches. 1st Edmund Orgill, Belle, l and w, Flake—Lilly; 2d, Geo. Van Wagenen Dutchess, l and w, Sensation—Whiskey.

Class 13.—Pointer puppies over eight months—Dogs and bitches. 1st, H. S. Magraw, Crystal, w l ears, Flake—Lilly. 2d, Thos. H. Terry, Cheswick, l and w, Flake—Lilly.

Class 14.—Imported English setters and their produce—Dogs. Harvard Kennel Club, Dash III. bl and w, Blue Prince—Kate; 2d, Jos. J. Snellenburg; Thunder, blue belton, Pride of the Border—Fairy II.; 3d, John C. Higgins, Pontiac, blue belton, Pride of the Border—Petrel.

Class 15.—Imported English setters and their produce—Bitches. 1st, W. A. Strother, Frost, l and w; Leicester—Victress; 2d, Harvard Kennel Club, Countess II., bl and w, Count Dick—Phantom; 3d, John C. Higgins, Countess Petrel, lemon belton, Count Dick—Petrel.

Class 16.—Imported English setters and their produce—Puppies over 8 months—Dogs and bitches. 1st, John C. Higgins, Count Dick II., b, w and t, Count Dick—Petrel; 2d, John C. Higgins, Countess Petrel, lemon belton, Count Dick—Petrel.

Class 17.—Native English setters—Dogs. 1st, Edmund Orgill, Ray, w and liv, Pride of the Border—Dimity; 2d, Alfred Schnabel, Stanley, w and liv; 3d, W. H. Doyle, Jerry, l and w.

Class 18.—Native English setters—Bitches. E.C. LaMontagne, Abbey, o and w, Young Laverack—Dido; 2d, J. Henry Roberts, Dell, o and w; 3d, Joseph H. Douglass, May, l and w.

Class 19.—Native English setters—Puppies over 8 months—Dogs or bitches. 1st, Baltimore Kennel club, Beacon, l and w, Gladstone—Frost; 2d, E. C. Hine, Blanche, w and o, Grouse—Fashion.

Class 20.—Red Irish setters—Dogs. 1st, Baltimore Kennel Club, Derg Young's Bob—Nial,'s Fan; 2d, Emlen Hewes, Don, Rufus—Coleen; 3d, R. B. Morgan, Dan, Kite—Fashion.

Class 21.—Red Irish setters—Bitches. 1st, R. B. Morgan, Flirt, Kite—Fashion; J. Clarence White, Kelpie, Rufus—Friend; 3d, Robert Neville, Kathleen, Pat—Norah.

Class 22.—Red Irish setter puppies—Dogs and bitches. No awards.

Class 23.—Red and white Irish setters—Dogs. 1st, Chas. De Ronge and H. Inman; Montague, Dash—Lill II.; 2d, Dr. J. W. Downey, Red Gauntlet, Thorstein—Loo II.; 3d, J. W. Fassit, Dash, Dash—June.

Class 24.—Red and white Irish setters—Bitches. Barton Pardee, Lou; 2d, H. C. Steahman, Biddie, York—Countess; Walter R. Furness, Phsyche.

Class 25.—Red and white Irish setters—Puppies over 8 months. 1st, Gilbert Sniffin, Maud, Dash—Nell.

Class 26.—Black and tan, and black white and tan setters. 1st. T. Forman Taylor, Turk, Dash—Belle; 2d, Saml. D. Bergen, Dash, Dash—Belle; 3d, Saml. D. Bergen, Duke, Dash—Belle.

Class 27.—Black and tan, and black white and tan—Bitches. 1st, Garret Roach, Lady Gordon, Grouse—Belle; 2d, G. N. Appold, Bessie, Dash—Nellie; 3d, Robt. N. Elder, Fly, Copeland's Shot—

Class 28.—Black and tan, and black, white and tan puppies over 8 months—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Linn Hartranft, Ned, Ned—Mull.

Class 29.—Cocker spaniels, exceeding 20 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Daniel P. Foster, Charlie, liv and w; 2d, S. S. White, Snip, br and w, Snip—Zulette.

Class 30.—Cocker spaniels, not exceeding 20 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Geo. Haywood, Nellie, liv and w; 2d, Frank C. Hollins, Feather, liv and w tick, imp.

Class 31.—Spaniels, exceeding 30 lbs., excluding cockers and Irish water spaniels—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Albert Vezin, Duke, l and w, imp.; 2d, Wm. Kirk, Rod, liv, Dash—Fannie.

Class 32.—Irish water spaniels—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Mrs. Frank Furness, Leander, liv, Sinbad—Bridget; 2d, Chas. W. Bailey, Barney, liv, imp.

Class 33.—Chesapeake Bay retrievers—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Baltimore Kennel Club, Rove, sedge; 2d, Simon J. Martinet, Jr., Sinbad, br, Turk—Flora.

Class 34.—Poodles exceeding 25 lbs. 1st, Wm. McGonigle, Rolla, blk, Spring—Cora.

Class 35.—Deerhounds—Dogs and bitches. No award.

Class 36.—Greyhounds—Dogs and bitches. 1st, John F. Keen, Jr., Royal Dane, fawn, imp.; 2d, M. Hooton, Rose, mouse, Harry—Daisy.

Class 37.—Foxhounds—Dogs. 1st, Thomas Davis, Dixey, Jr., b w and t, Dixey, Sr——nn; 2d, Rose Tree Hunt, Trailer, w b and t, Sounder—Flora.

Class 38.—Foxhounds—Bitches. 1st, Rose Tree Hunt, Nip, b t and w, Mingo—Juno; 2d, Lower Merion Pack, Flea, bl and t.

Class 39.—Foxhounds in couples. 1st, Rose Tree Hunt, Joe, b t and w, Rattler—Vanity, and Trick, b t and w, Mingo—Juno; 2d, Thomas Davis, Boxer, b and t, Brooks—Luck, and Ann, b and t, Geary—Fannie.

(KENNEL CONTINUED TO PAGE 187.)

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1879.

CHAMPION BERKLEY AND DASH III.

Our illustrations in this issue are of champion Berkley, winner of the champion red Irish setter class, and Dash III., winner of the English setter open class at the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show.

The portraits of Royal Duke, winner of the champion English setter class, and Grouse, winner of the champion Gordon setter class at this same show we have previously published; hence there is no necessity to reproduce them now.

Champion Berkley is the property of Mr. John Fottler, Jr., president of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, who purchased him from the St. Louis Kennel Club last November for $485. He is the son of Dr. Jarvis' champion Elcho and the St. Louis Kennel Club's formerly, now Mr. Fottler's, champion Loo II. Berkley is not only a good bench show dog, being of grand form and a perfect color, but he is equally good in the field.

At the Hampton field trials he won second place to Sanborn's Nellie in the eighteen months' old puppy stakes.

His record on the show bench is:

St. Louis Bench Show, 1878. First in open class; also kennel prize with his dam, Loo II.; best brace with the same; divided with Royal Duke and Floss special for the best setter of any age or breed bred in America; another special for best brace with Loo II.; best setter bred in the United States.

Boston, 1878, champion and two specials, viz., best brace with Loo II.; and best kennel, with Loo II., etc., etc.

New York, 1878, champion.

St. Paul, 1878, champion.

Philadelphia, 1879, champion and special prize for best Irish setter.

Dash III. is the property of the Harvard Kennel Club, Cambridge, Mass., and was imported from the kennel of Mr. Llewellin at a higher figure than paid for any other setter dog ever imported in this country. He is own brother to Mr. Llewellin's Dash II., for which he paid Mr. George Brewis nearly $1,600, the highest price ever paid for a setter. He is a white with black, by Blue Prince, a son of Mr. Charles H. Raymond's Pride of the Border and Mr. Llewellin's Nellie, sister to Countess; his dam is Armstrong's Kate, by old Blue Dash, out of E. Armstrong's Kate, a daughter of Sir F. Graham's Duke and Sir V. Corbett's Slut. Dash II. is a white dog, with black, and is very compactly made. Not only is he a handsome dog, but a capital field dog, as he showed at the Nashville trials, where he ran in the Brace Stakes, but a short time after his arrival, with champion Drake, the brace winning first, notwithstanding the penalty of 2½ for Dash's not retrieving. At Philadelphia he won first in the open English setter class and special prize for the best imported setter dog. We believe in England he won second at Carlisle.

The winning of Berkley and Dash III., as well as several others at the Philadelphia show, upsets the statements of some that bench show winners are of no practical use for field purposes.

GLADSTONE AND JOE JR. MATCHED FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The statement we made when we published a portrait of Gladstone three weeks ago, that while his owner, Mr. P. H. Bryson, was not the challenging party, yet he would not refuse a challenge to run Gladstone against any dog in America for $500 aside, for two or three days on quails, brought out Mr. M. C. Campbell promptly with the offer to accommodate Mr. Bryson. Mr. Campbell gave Mr. Bryson the choice of Joe Jr. or Buck Jr. Mr. Bryson accepted Joe Jr., as he has a public record, and moreover he considers him the better of the two, his object being to test thoroughly for the public benefit the staying qualities and other field qualities of the Llewellin setter against one of the best field dogs in America, and beyond doubt in the world. It is safe to say that Mr. Bryson could not have chosen a more difficult dog to beat than Joe Jr., for no man who has seen him in the field can otherwise than acknowledge that he is an extraordinary field dog. Mr. Campbell, however, considers his dam, Buck Jr., quite as good.

The match will take place next December and will be for $500 a side, on quails and for three days, from sunrise to sunset. Mr. Bryson having reserved the right to ride on horseback while working Gladstone, and as Mr. Campbell usually rides when he shoots, both gentlemen will doubtless be mounted, which will increase the speed of the dogs greatly, and make the test of nose and endurance the more thorough.

The vicinity of Clarksville, Tenn., will very probably be selected for running the match, as it not only affords good ground for riding over, and has plenty of birds, but is neutral ground, neither dog having worked over it.

Mr. Bryson and Mr. Campbell will agree upon judges hereafter, and a set of rules to govern the match which will approximate it to an ordinary every day shoot, so to as thoroughly as possible test the field qualities of the two dogs. Should both dogs be in good form it will be a rattling match; indeed the most complete and thorough test of field qualities that dogs have ever been subjected to in this country; and being between two of the most noted dogs in Amrica it will create an immense deal of interest and excitement, and we have no doubt will draw together a larger number of spectators than any field trial has yet.

As Mr. Campbell and Mr. Bryson are personally warm friends, and gentlemen who would not take any underhanded advantage of each other, and run their dogs for all they are worth, there is every assurance that the fullest limit will be given to settle the much vexed question of superiority of the two strains.

THE OMAHA SHOW.—The Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will hold their second annual bench show at Omaha, May 13, 14 and 15. The rules are the same as those adopted by the National American Kennel Club. Entries close at noon on the 13th, but previous to that date can be made by letter to the secretary, D. M. Welty, Fremont, Neb. The entrance fee will be $2.

DELEGATES FOR THE STATE MEETING.

The Chicago Shooting Club have elected as delegates to the annual convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association at Peoria, May 28th next: Abe Kleinman, John Kleinman, R. B. Organ, G. C. Mosher and J. D. Kendall; alternates—C. E. Willard, F. P. Taylor and Charles Mears; and as the team in the tournament—Abe Kleinman, John Kleinman, R. B. Organ and G. C. Mosher.

The South End Shooting Club have elected as delegates and the team: A. Cook, G. N. Lydston, J. J. Gore and M. J. Eich; alternates—O. H. Roach, David Bates, A. B. Cook and Charles Cleaver.

The Foresters at their last meeting decided to send delegates and a team, but the delegates have not been decided on, and they will be empowered to select their team on the ground: the composition of the team, therefore, will be decided entirely by the form the members exhibit on the ground.

The Audubon Club has not yet taken any action towards appointing delegates or selecting a team, but will do so at its next meeting.

The Maksawba Club will send delegates and a team, which will be appointed at the next meeting.

A great many new clubs have joined the association; and there is but little doubt that the meeting will be the largest yet held, which shows that the association is growing rapidly.

The headquarters for those attending the convention and tournament will be the Merchants' Hotel, which is a first class house, and kept by Messrs. Clark & Son, well known sportsmen, and members of the Peoria Shooting Club. The rates have been reduced to those attending the convention and tournament to $2 and $1.50, according to location. The Merchants', moreover, is in the business center, and two blocks nearer the headquarters of the association than any other hotel. Personally we know the younger Clark and can vouch for him.

Secretaries of clubs will oblige us by sending us a list of the delegates and team they propose sending to the covention and tournament.

NEW JERSEY STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The committee appointed by the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association for the purpose of getting up a grand tournament of the different clubs throughout the state have had several meetings, and everything bids fair for a successful convention of sportsmen this spring, says the *New York Herald*. Ample grounds and accommodations have been secured, and the date of several days meetings now depends only on the flight of the wild birds, some five or six thousand of which, it is expected, will be required. The committee have met with cordial co-operation from the different clubs, and as this is the first affair of like nature in the state the enthusiasm is of a decided character. New Jersey does not in the future propose to be behind New York, Illinois and other states in sporting matters.

The following gentlemen are chairman of the several committees appointed by President Eaton: Dr. J. Q. Bird, on printing and rules; F. M. Thompson, on grounds and birds; William Hayes, on rifle and pistol practice; Fred Mather, on fly casting; B. Payne, on state club badge; Charles H. Raymond, John Q. Bird, and F. M. Thompson, together with the president, committee on prizes.

The tournament will continue three days, perhaps four.

WESTERN WAGONS.—The time was when those wanting a first class carriage or buggy would not be satisfied unless it came from the East, and the Brewster road wagons were as much used by the best horsemen in Chicago as in New York. Messrs. Studebaker Bros., whose warerooms are 153 and 155 Wabash avenue, and whose factory is at South Bend, Ind., have changed this; and now the "Studebaker" road wagon is supplanting the "Brewster" for the reason that you can buy a Studebaker for $310 in every respect—in quality of material, finish, style, wear and for riding comfortably—equal to the Brewster, for which you have to pay $450, and not a particle better. A few days since, the Studebakers sold one of these wagons to Col. John W. Conley, general manager of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, and Mr. H. V. Beemis, the well known brewer and owner of Bonesetter, Frank, Grey Eagle and other noted horses, and they both pronounce them the easiest riding wagon they have ever ridden in. Also, in carriages and phætons they excel. Last week, Governor H. A. Tabor, of Denver, Colorado, purchased one of their elegant five-glass landaus.

THE LONDON FISH AND GAME SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting of the London, Canada, District Fish, Game and Insectivorous Bird Protective Society, Mr. W. C. L. Gill in the chair and Mr. Skirving as secretary, Dr. Niven presented the annual report which showed that every effort was being made to educate the people on the importance of game protection, and recommended changes where the present law is weak. The treasurer's report showed the association to be in a flourishing condition. The following officers were then elected: President, Dr. Niven; 1st vice-president, Dr. Woodruff; 2nd vice-president, W. C.L. Gill; secretary-treasurer, Mr.D. Skirving; executive committee, Messrs. T. H. Smallman, Henry Bruce, John S. McBeth, A. McRae, W. Hudson, A. Smith, W. R. Elliott.

THE JERRY COCKRELL FUND.—Besides those previously mentioned, the following contributions have been made for the benefit of Mr. Jerry Cockrell; W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va. $5; L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Canada, $5; George W. La Rue, for self and other sportsmen of Springfield, Ohio, $5, and Franklin Sumner, Milton, Mass., $1. We hope by next week to hear from some more of our readers. Give *something*. Messrs. P. H. Bryson and W. A. Wheatley have determined to breed Gladstone and Countess and sell the pups for the benefit of Mr. Cockrell.

THE TOURNAMENTS.—Among our advertisements will be found those of the Iowa, Missouri and Illinois State Sportsmen's Associations tournaments with the dates and purses of each. In the two-team shoot of the Illinois tournament two members of a club, not necessarily the same club but different clubs, are eligible.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Chas Daly, of Messrs. Schoverling & Daly, was in Chicago for the day last Saturday. He was returning East, and reports having found business in the West most prosperous,, and the Daly gun satisfactorily appreciated.

NEXT WEEK.—If the paper company does not disappoint us next week we shall appear in our new suit, which will enlarge the CHICAGO FIELD four pages. Should we not get our paper in time we shall certainly enlarge the following week.

NOTED DOGS DEAD.—Three well-known dogs are to be added to the death roll, which will be found in our kennel department, Rob Roy, Colburn's Dash and Long's Coin.

THE NEBRASKA STATE ASSOCIATION.—The Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association meets at Omaha, May 13.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1879.

Texas State Sportsmen's Association, Waco, May 7th.
Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, Omaha, May 13.
Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Marshalltown, May 20.
Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, St. Louis, May 20.
Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Peoria, May 27.
Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Salina, Oct. 14.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of president.
New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Rochester, ——.

Snigsby's Sniptions Snipe Shooting.

BY E. S.

"And now, Snigsby," quoth Nestor, as he led the way into his comfortable library, the envy and admiration of all the Nimrods who are admitted to its recesses; pictures of departed setters adorning the walls, a rack well filled with gun cases, and book shelves stored with rare and curious sporting works laid by for a rainy day. A stuffed snowy owl looks down from the top of one book-case, with his great solemn eyes, a silent witness of all that passes.

"Tell me what you did with the snipe yesterday, and how your young dog behaved."

Thus speaking, Nestor reclined in an easy chair, and Snigsby having done the same, began the recital of his adventures, his pale hazel eye lighting with enthusiasm as he proceeded, like a stagnant pond under the rays of the mid-day sun:

"You know Diomed has just purchased a new dog. I wish you could see him. He is a chestnut and white setter, looks exactly like as if some one had taken him by the tail and dipped him in brown dye—his forequarters and head being brown and hindquarters white. Diomed is delighted with him, calls him a wind splitter because he's so fast. He's been very anxious to try his new purchase, so we arranged for a little trip to explore some marshes near Middlewood on the P. & C. R. R., for scolopax. [Snigsby having read the argument of a learned savant in favor of a scientific nomenclature, has studied up a little, and no longer calls a snipe a snipe. No, when he shoots now, he bags a *Scolopax wilsonii*, or *Ortyx virginianus*. Perhaps birds are easier to kill when a *dead* language is used, but is it not enough to kill the poor bird, without calling him hard names?] Taking the cars, we speedily arrived at our station, and, alighting, started at once for the big marsh.

We had some difficulty in finding it, but at length descrying an old negro pretending to work in a field, we approached and interviewed him. "Say, Uncle, can you tell us where there's a marsh about here?" Resting reflectively on his hoe the venerable African discharged a stream of tobacco juice on the ground, and said: "Yes, boss, yander's a mash right tother side dat wheat-field, jest below the house; you go right up to the house; you can git on the head of the mash by going through the barn-yard." "Does the man over there mind our shooting?" said Diomed. "I aint heered him say," was the reply, "you can ask him." "Thank you, Uncle." As we approached the house a tall countryman made his appearance on the porch with an immense duck gun, evidently prepared for us. We boldly advanced and were entering the gate when Diomed's new dog left his master's heels and, dashing round the garden, jumped over the fence and plumped right down on the hotbed. There was a loud jingling of glass, and a howl from the dog that struck us dumb with horror for a moment. Perhaps it would have been better for the eternal welfare of the countryman if he had been similarly affected; but he opened his mouth and blasphemed fearfully, swearing he would shoot the dog for the mischief he had done. When he found, however, that we were willing to pay damages, he calmed down and listened to what we had to say.

"What do you think I ought to pay you," said Diomed.

"I don't know what it's worth," was the answer.

Had the assessment of damages been left with me, five dollars would have been about my figure, but it wasn't my dog that broke the glass, so I remained silent.

"Well," said Diomed, "you can buy those glasses for about six cents apiece; I guess he broke about three of them; suppose we say a quarter," extending the silver at the same time. The countryman looked at the coin for a moment, then said:

"That's all right, you can go on the mash and shoot; nobody won't say nothing to you."

We went. As we got out of hearing Diomed said, "Did you ever know anything like that? That dog must have broken every glass in the hotbed; why he went back after jumping on it and ran all over it again. He's cut his foot too. Come here, Dan, and let me see where you are hurt."

While Diomed was examining his dog's wound I bethought me of a conundrum. "Diomed," said I, "why is Dan like that hot-bed?" "Because he is well broken," said Diomed. "Oh, no! because he is *badly* broken." "I didn't know you thought so," said Diomed, "but I wish you wouldn't worry me with conundrums; it's bad enough to have to spend a quarter and have my dog injured, without having to rack my intellect answering useless questions."

Diomed didn't like the answer to the conundrum.

"Snigsby," said Nestor, "let me interrupt you a moment. Can you tell me why the countryman was satisfied with a quarter?" "Because he was dead broke," said Snigsby. "No, that's not the answer, because it wasn't his hot-bed; it was probably his father's." "I believe you are correct," replied Snigsby.

Well, we went down on the marsh, but it hadn't been burned off and not a bird did we see, so we concluded to return to the station and follow the railroad five or six miles, and try our luck on some other marshes with which I was familiar. Diomed argued that we need not go back past the house, the dog might find an unbroken pane in the hotbed, "And if he does," said Diomed, "that man may want to shoot off his gun as badly as I do mine, and kill him anyhow." So we crossed the fields and shortly reached the station. It was now ten o'clock, and no *scolopax*. Dan was going on three legs, as he had cut his forepaw just above the pastern joint as Diomed said (Diomed's a horseman, you know), and his master would have been glad to have three legs to go upon, for he said his two were as tired as they could possibly be. He was equipped in gumboots, which, being large, necessitated his taking double steps, the first to get to the toe of the boot, the next to lift the boot from the ground. We stopped and rested on a bench at the station. Diomed's thoughts turned to home, slippers, a cigar, and the twelve-o'clock train that would shortly pass. But nothing but the death of a *scolopax* could satisfy me, and cautiously I undertook the difficult task of persuading my companion that he was not tired, and that he had not yet walked enough. I spoke of the new dog, as yet untried, the empty game bag, the convenient resting places where Diomed could sit while I hunted; above all, I mentioned my ardent desire to see Diomed dropping a right and left. This last argument won him, and with a sigh he arose and shouldered his gun.

We hunted the wet places along the road until at last we reached a most inviting spot, pools of water here and there, with green tussocks scattered about on the black mud, "Truly a charming spot, Diomed; if anywhere they are here." We advanced and let the dogs range carefully ahead. They had not passed the first tussock before Dick, my dog, came to a stand, Dan backed him, holding the wounded paw up as though to impress caution upon us. We were within a few yards of the dogs when "scaip, scaip," up rose three birds, bang, bang, bang, three barrels rang out on the air, and the three snipes bit the dust, wet dust it was though.

"Well done, Diomed, you made a right and left that time, you don't care about going home just now, do you?"

"Now, you hunt down this side, and I'll take that as far as the fence. Be careful and don't shoot toward me."

We had scarcely separated before Diomed walked right into a bunch of five *scolopax*; one he killed, three went down into the cat-tails beyond the fence, and one came my way. I let him pass, then gave him the right barrel; he fell among the bushes on the edge of the bank. As Dick was hunting him, he paused by a little clump of bushes. A snipe rose in the air, I fired and missed; he went over to Diomed, and Diomed killed him.

"Diomed," said I, as he held up the dead bird, "why are you like my pocket-handkerchief?"

Diomed's triumphant look faded away as he said: "Don't know."

"Because you've 'wiped my eye.'"

"That's pretty good," said Diomed, "I know now why you missed that snipe; you'd make any sacrifice to have your little joke."

We beat the wet place and the cat-tails several times, until we had bagged five more birds; three others left for some more sequestered spot; and as we were tired and warm we repaired to a spring near at hand, in which some good Samaritan had half sunk a barrel. A cocoanut-shell lay conveniently at hand, and it is difficult to say which of us emptied it the oftener. Resting on a log we ate our lunch, having first spread our birds on the grass where we could feast our eyes upon them. Beautiful in death they lay, the pure white of the breast of one being set off by a few spots of blood, scarcely yet dry, while another peacefully folded his broken wing, done flying forever.

Diomed having finished his cigar, we again took the field. We concluded to try another marsh, about a half mile distant. On our way Dick started to jump a fence, and stopped motionless on the top rail. We walked up when "whirr," "whirr," a bevy of *Ortyx virginianus* flew up all around us. We could hardly detain the loads in our guns, but we did. Directly afterward a hawk [here Snigsby's ornithology gave out] flew over us, and I dropped him with a load of No. 10. "That's good," said I to Diomed, "that saves the lives of half that bevy of birds." As we proceeded I noticed a troubled look on Diomed's face. I expected a conundrum, when all at once he said, 'Snigsby, you said you saved the lives of half that covey of birds by killing that hawk, didn't you?" "Yes." "Well, then, do you think it would be any harm for me to kill one partridge to my new dog?" "I want to see if he'll stand and retrieve it well." "Diomed," said I, "it becomes us to respect the game laws; if detected you'll be fined five dollars. You have already paid twenty-five cents for what did you no good, and in the prostrate condition of business it is an object with us all to study economy." Diomed said no more, and as he did not have an opportunity to shoot I could not see whether my argument had effect or not.

We arrived at the marsh, but only found seven birds, all of which we bagged; Diomed three, I four. We then returned to the place where we had killed the others, but no more could be found, and as the sun was sinking behind a clump of pines in the west, we started for the station, which we reached in ample time for the train. The cushioned seats of the car felt doubly grateful to our weary limbs as we stretched ourselves upon them. Diomed fell asleep and was oblivious until we reached the depot. "Diomed," said I, grasping his arm, "do you know where you are?" His lips gently parted and he murmured, "Will you never stop asking conundrums?"

Baltimore, Md.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

BY MNEMOSYNE.

UN PATE FAISAN.

Roger Brigham is an Englishman—not of the Dundreary stripe, but a genuine, full blooded sportsman, loving guns, horses, dogs and his fellowman. Blessed with ample means he indulges in his favorite pastimes since coming to the land of the free and the home of the brave, patronizes the turf and the yacht and has made his mark with killing effect among the feathers and his hook and flies among the scales. Willing to applaud skill and success in others, he soon gathered about him troops of friends, and to give room for natural hospitality and suppers in accordance with his educated taste, to have room for his favorites under unquestioned mahogany, he set up a bachelor's establishment in Gotham, and imported from the Queen's soil experienced butlers, cooks, waiters and grooms, and the receipt of an invitation to his house is an assurance of plenty, a hearty welcome and a good time generally.

Possessing the heart of a true sportsman his ear is ever open to the appeals of genuine charity, though detesting shams and frauds fully as much as his royal Satanic majesty is pronounced to hate sanctified water, or the cautious grimalkin soup at a boiling heat, and this being the case his eyes are also upon the alert for suffering and misery, and it is never passed without being comforted in a substantial manner even until the plethoric pocket of the morning is sadly depleted if not exhausted.

With him (from its close proximity and easy access) Jersey is a favorite hunting ground, and there is very little of it he has not tramped over, to return laden with proofs of his aim and make glad the stomachs of his brother sportsmen and increase their avoirdupois, and it was during one of these peregrinations that night forced him to seek shelter at a private dwelling—a farm-house of large dimensions and with broad and well-tilled acres around that proved the world had wagged well with the proprietor.

With the easy manners of a man of society, he was soon upon familiar terms with the family, supped and lodged and breakfasted, and payment having been refused cast about for some way to "get even," and happening to see for the first time a son of the house, remarked:

"The young gentleman does not look well or strong."

"No," replied *pater familias*, "the boy has been ailing for some months, and doctor's stuff don't seem to do him any good."

"Perhaps," suggested the epicurean, upon whose dainty palate the rankness of fried pork, saleratus-biscuit and the other "horrors" generally to be found upon the average farm-house table, yet lingered unpleasantly, "perhaps more nutritious food might be of advantage to him."

"Well, we have tried about everything we thought he would like but he don't seem to have a hankering after any."

"Then he needs something to tempt his appetite—a glass of pure wine now and then, perhaps a tonic, and if you will permit me (as a slight return for your hospitality) I will produce a dish I fancy he will relish and which will aid in the building up of his system."

Assent was gladly given and after a little questioning of the lad himself, a promise that he should be speedily remembered and a few words of advice and encouragement, Brigham shouldered his gun, whistled to his dog and took the homeward tramp with his bump of benevolence troubled as to the best to be done.

A brief consultation with his cook settled the matter. She was equal to the occasion, was versed in the rich and rare of the cuisine and suggested:

"*Un pate Faisan.*"

"A pheasant pate? The very thing!" replied the enthusiastic sportsman. "Any one who would not wish that is beyond recovery. Send to the market for the birds; have it ready by to-morrow and spend neither expense nor care in the making."

Madame, the cook asserted her ability to produce a pate worthy the eating of the Gods, and the master rubbed his hands with complacent satisfaction as he thought of the good it would do the poor sickly lad.

In due time the work of art was finished and (together with a bottle of rare old wine) forwarded by express, and the sender was all excitement to know of its reception, and the wonders it had worked. And a few days later brought him a note, running as follows, and which caused "each particular hair to stand on end" and his eyes to protrude from their sockets:

"*Respected Sir:*—

The box came all right and the wine was first rate *but we don't know how to apply the salve you sent.* Please inform us."

A pheasant pate called salve! It was the proverbial bit of straw that crippled the spine of the camel, and Brigham swears if he ever wastes any more good cooking upon a Jersey Dutchman may he be ——, well, blessed!

Concentrators.

COATESVILLE, PA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I noticed in the CHICAGO FIELD of April 12, an article on concentrators, by Oneida, and I can corroborate his statement as regards shooting from cylinder bores. I have never shot a choke bore.

I give below, in table, the result of my test. Forty yards at 30-inch circle is equal to thirty yards at 22½-inch circle, when loaded in usual way. There might be a difference when "chip" is used, as the charge does not begin to scatter immediately on leaving the gun.

No. of Test.	Remarks.	Size of Circle	No. yards off.	Size of Shot.	No. of Pellets Hit.	Charge.		How loaded.	Per cent. hit.
1	Left barrel.....	"	40	8	316	3¼	1⅛	With Kay Chip	61
2	" "	"	40	6	155	3¼	1⅛	" "	56
3	" "	22½	30	6	168	3¼	1⅛	" "	61
4	Right "	"	30	8	233	3¼	1⅛	" "	45
5	" "	"	30	8	173	3¼	1⅛	Without "	33½
6	Left "	"	30	8	191	3¼	1⅛	" "	37
7	" "	"	30	6	81	3¼	1⅛	" "	30½
8	" "	"	30	6	102	3¼	1⅛	" "	37

In test No. 4, charge was not shot straight at center of target, hence it did not come up to proper percentage. U. M. C. Co.'s paper shells were used with two Eley's pink-edge wads over powder and nothing but "chip" over shot. Shell was of course folded down. Number of pellets in charge of No. 8 shot counted out 515, No. 6 counted 276.

ABRAHAM.

Special Notice.

The Iowa State Sportsmen's Association was organized to promote the making of game and fish laws that would benefit the people of the state: and the great object that now animates the association is the enforcement of these laws for the protection of game and fish. To do this successfully it becomes necessary to have one or more local organizations in every county, and wherever any true sportsman can be found, a subordinate organization can be formed that will be able, armed with the present "iron clad" law, to cope successfully with law-breakers.

To further the aims of the association, and induce the formation of local clubs, it was decided by the Board of Directors that, in order to participate in the Second Annual Tournament, "all participants must be members of clubs or organizations that belong to the State Association," and we trust that many new clubs will be organized and send delegates and teams to Marshalltown, May 20.

A club desiring to join the State Association must send a copy of its constitution, with a list of its officers and members, to D. C. Beaman, secretary, Keosauqua, and remit $5 to Geo. W. Ogilvie, treasurer, Des Moines; or the dues may be sent to the secretary with other documents.

Blank delegate and team certificates can be had of the secretary.

It is not considered desirable or proper for parties living in different parts of the state to organize a club so as to make up a "crack team," or for parties living in one part of the state to join clubs in other parts of the state to entitle them to participate in the tournament. They should organize clubs in their own locality, or county, if possible.

Clubs intending to send teams, by giving notice of the fact on or before the 1st of May, will confer a favor upon the undersigned.

E. A. ABBOTT,
R. H. TAYLOR, } Managers.
J. S. JONES,
Marshalltown, Iowa.

N. B.—Copies of "Constitution of the Marshalltown Club" will be sent to parties wishing to organize clubs on application to either of the managers.

Hotel accommodation from one to two dollars per day.

The C. R. R. of Iowa will give participants return tickets for one and one-fifth fare.

HOLD AHEAD. — Chicago, Illinois. — *Editor Chicago Field:* — Seeing some discussion in the CHICAGO FIELD about "holding on" your bird, etc., I am led to "put in my oar" in the matter. I should not try to swell the rumpus, but to-day seeing the article of Nanit on the subject advocating the "holding on" theory, which is so radically wrong in its premises, I must point out what seems to me its errors. All moving bodies obey certain laws, and leaving out the force of gravity, which for the purposes of this article cuts no figure in this case, I will say that all moving bodies move in a direction corresponding to the initial force that sets them in motion. For instance: if a billiard ball on a level table is struck by another ball, say on the east side, the ball struck moves to the westward; if struck on the north side it goes toward the south; and if struck by two balls at same time on the east and north with equal force, it goes straight southwest; or tends to obey both initial forces, and goes in a direction between them. Now for the application of this law to the shot-gun. The powder is, of course, one initial force tending to throw the shot in a direction toward which the gun is pointed; and a side motion of the gun is another initial force, throwing the shot as much out of a direct line as the velocity with which the barrel is moved. Now another application and I am done. I am standing facing the East; a pigeon comes by me forty yards away, flying southward at the rate of sixty miles an hour; a mile a minute or one hundred feet in a second; it takes the shot one-tenth of a second (I think this within the mark) to reach the pigeon's place of flight; now if I "hold on" my bird and fire at the precise instant the pigeon gets in line, by the time my shot reaches his place he is ten feet south of the center of my charge. But if I were in a train of cars going the same way with the pigeon at same rate of speed and fired as above, I might get him. Or, in other words, I must move my gun at the same speed the pigeon is going (not the same relative speed as claimed by Nanit), or so hold my gun that the charge shall reach the bird and not the place where he was at the instant of firing.

Doubtless many sportsmen, Nanit included, may kill side-flying birds by "holding on," but it is only because the shot spreads enough at 30 or 40 yards with an ordinary gun to have some of the pellets reach him. But much better shooting will be done by a proper calculation of the distance and speed of the bird, and holding ahead of him. And herein comes the poetry of wing shooting. I remember one spring on the Calumet I had a nice stand, and birds—blue-bills—were coming along nicely, singly, in pairs and trios, and I banged away and missed. I am a pretty fair shot. I put in a little more powder. I shot a muzzle-loader those days. Another bird came along, a splendid chance, bang! another miss; still more powder, and more misses, until I began to brace myself every time I fired. Just then three birds came along, beauties, flying low, one ahead about three feet; I let go at the first bird and got the two rear ones. Why was it, Nanit? They were blue bills going down wind at, say, ninety miles an hour, and I had been "holding on" my birds. The next bird that came along I held by the "faith that was in me." I held fully three feet ahead and almost felt that I should miss; but he dropped clean hit, as dead as a smelt. And now I will wager Nanit the cost of the experiment, that, if properly and fairly conducted, the ball from his "pea-shooter" will fall behind the target every time.

ORTYX CHICAGOENSIS.

SUNDRY NOTES.—Port Royal, Tenn.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I was about to drop you a few lines in praise of Mr. Van Dyke's able and lucid articles on wing-shooting, when lo! out comes Schneider, of Des Moines, Iowa, combating his theory. Mr. Van Dyke is indeed a brilliant writer, and his arguments and reasoning in support of his theory sound, though Schneider makes some strong points against him. I shall carefully preserve the copies of the CHICAGO FIELD containing their articles, as I consider them *very* valuable for future reference. I think Mr. Van Dyke's communications and the discussion they have and will provoke, more than worth the subscription price of your paper. They seem to be veteran warriors, and by all means, Chieftain, Mohawk, endeavor to keep up the discussion, for they doubtless have more auditors than they imagine, for we are anxious to hear the matter discussed pro and con; and tell them to "fight it out on that line if it takes all Summer." We want to hear both sides of the question so that next Fall when the quail season opens we can try both methods, and adopt the best one.

I am glad to see the CHICAGO FIELD getting a foothold in this and other Southern states. Mohawk was among us at the Nashville field trials, and while he pronounced the trials a grand success—more complete and satisfactory than any similar trials ever before held in the United States, his report of the trials as published in the CHICAGO FIELD gave him considerable prominence in our state in sporting circles. For accuracy, freedom from bias or partiality, and minuteness of detail, the report as published in the CHICAGO FIELD surpasses anything of the kind ever before published in this country or in Europe.

By the way, I was in error when I stated in your issue of March 15th that the quail season closed in our state February 1st. The season opens October 15, and closes March 1, instead of February 1, as stated.

A protective game association has been organized in our county and we intend to see that justice is meted out to all who violate the law, regardless or race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Last Summer Bob White was shot down in cold blood here while perched upon the fence or stump, whistling his "morning salutation to the sun," and taking care of his brood, too young to take care of themselves. The sneak who would do such tricks as that would steal acorns from a blind hog. No man who ever shot over dogs would be guilty of such meanness. No. The wretch who sneaks through cornfields during "roasting-ear time" and shoots down Bob White with a young brood, leaving them to starve or fall victims to foxes and hawks, never uses his "polk-stalk spatter-gun" on the wing over dogs. The sneak that practices such tricks this Summer had better keep quiet and load light or he will pay dear for his meat. More anon.

BIRDO.

KANSAS NOTES.—Coffeyville, Kan.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Our shooting season in this locality is about over; although a few plover yet remain, the main body emigrated north a week or more ago. Snipe shooting has not been at its best with us this season; at least my bags have been comparatively small to what they were last year, seven being the best bag I could make in an afternoon's sport, while shooting over the same ground last Spring I succeeded in bagging twenty-eight. While out fishing a few days ago on one of the small streams, I was surprised to flush a pair of mallards. I had not seen any flying for a month and supposed they had all left for a cooler climate. I am now almost led to believe that they breed here.

In a recent issue I noticed a communication from Snap Shot on the destruction of game. I have not the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance, but most heartily agree with him. We find no difficulty here in protecting the birds out of season, for we have no game buyers, but in season commission merchants flock in here from St. Louis, Chicago, and other cities and encourage the pot-hunters, netters and trappers to commence their work, by offering them good prices for game; this is where the evil lies, and where it must be checked if we wish to preserve our game.

CHOKE COLLAR.

JACK SNIPE TO C. S. K.—Washington, D. C.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—C. S. K. has the privilege of believing or disbelieving my statement as to my shooting last October. His friend, Mr. Jones, can enlighten him as to whether the Highlands are inside or outside of the District line. So also can Mr. Murtagh, the owner of the farm. As to the game law governing that county, Prince George, the clerk of the supreme court of the State of Maryland will send him a copy upon application to him at Annapolis, Md. I have been informed that Mr. Williams and Derrick have both sold game; and that the former at one time shot for the market altogether. I have also been informed that Mr. Mills sold quite a quantity of quails last Fall. I do not care anything for what Mr. K.'s informant told him of my shooting last October. If his informant says I was shooting in violation of the law, I pronounce it a base falsehood, and I hope C. S. K. may inform him speedily of it.

JACK SNIPE.

BINDERS.—Those who desire to preserve their copies of the CHICAGO FIELD can be supplied by us with Emerson's patent binders. Price in paper, $1.25; cloth, $1.50; leather and cloth, $1.75.

NOTICE.—The CHICAGO FIELD is $4 a year; $2 for six months; $1 for three months; five copies, $15, strictly in advance.

A Good Day's Snipe Shooting.

WARSAW, IND.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Verily every man who loveth the gun and dog has his favorite game bird, whose pursuit brings perfect pleasure. Like Frank Forester mine is the snipe. On the morning of the 12th inst. there came to my ears a rumor that a snipe had been killed. The next day was the last day of court and in the morning filled with that longing that every sportsman feels to bag his favorite bird, I cast business to the dogs and brought forth my Parker that for four months had lain idle. I had put it away dirty, and I cleaned it with fear and trembling, for has not Frank Forester said that a gun should be cleaned every time it is used, and that it should be anointed with oil. But after I had cleaned it I found it as bright as a dollar; and I said to myself, no man knoweth all things.

When I had put my gun in good condition I called old Dash, who has been with me in field, wood and swamp for the past nine years, and who for the past four months has been engaged during the day in barking at all the curs which have passed and at imaginary dogs, and whose nights have been passed in hunting soft couches, not disdaining even feather beds if the door of the bedroom was open. The old dog came and he was in magnificent condition, that is for sausages; but at the sight of the gun he was endowed with new life and barked, jumped upon me, knocked down the little three-year-old boy who had just said, "Me want you to woot me fifteen nipes;" and amid a chorus of expostulations from the better half, the barking of the old dog and the yells of the three-year-old, I departed.

After a two miles' walk I struck the marsh, which lay along the banks of the historic Tippecanoe, made historic by the fact that General Harrison fought a battle on its banks with the Indians, and by the further fact that in 1840 by virtue of that battle and by sundry buckeye log cabins and barrels of hard cider he became president of the United States. I have a clear recollection of that campaign for I came near getting "how-come-you-so" on hard cider in one of the log cabins.

The ground was not large, not over ten acres, and divided by a narrow strip of dry land. I waived the old dog forward and he waddled into the marsh a few rods and stood, not staunchly, but wagging his tail as if he was uncertain; I advanced and then for the first time in many days I heard that to me perfect music "scaipe." My gun came to my shoulder as of old, and the bird had uttered his last scaipe and lay dead upon the grass. I put in a shell, and the old dog found the bird, and I had bagged my first snipe for 1879. And there came to me as I smoothed the ruffled feathers of the bird a thrill of pleasure unknown to the dwellers in towns and cities who love not these sports that we love. I sent the dog out again and hunted the ground carefully; some birds he stood and some he did not. I drove them over the dry strip into the other marsh and beat that thoroughly, and when tired and weary I started home with twenty-five snipes—a fair bag for this section, the largest bag made here in the last twenty years to my knowledge being of thirty-one, reported in your paper while in its infancy, by Mark Glenn. That was prior to your taking control.

I admire snipe shooting for its uncertainty; for instance, the uncertainty as you step from one tussock to another, whether you will land upon solid footing, or your feet will slip off into unknown depths of mud and water. And then what a delightful sensation as the cold water pours into your boot tops and trickles down your legs until your boots are filled. And then what can be more pleasant than to stand balanced on a tussock and clasping your thighs with both hands you elevate one leg in the air and let the water pour out. The man who has never hunted *the* bird cannot appreciate it.

You can lay down rules for all other game birds, but not for snipe. Frank Forester, who is the king among writers upon field sports, says that they are "wild as hawks in rainy weather, while it will sometimes lie until it is difficult to kick it up on bright, warm sunny days with the wind southerly." He wrote this doubtless when upon the eve of such a day he returned successful, and had laid away the birds after they were roasted over a quick fire in a sea of red wine. Yet woe to the man who starts out upon such a day with the full conviction that they will lie until kicked up, for the chances are that they will rise out of distance. I was out the other day; it was a warm, sunny day, with the wind southerly; and as I always do in the Spring, I had just reviewed Frank Forester's Snipe Shooting, and had hopes that they would act well, but I never found them wilder, and returned home disgusted.

On the first day of May, 1877, I went out to kill a bird for a sick friend. The day was such that by all the rules they should have been as wild as hawks. It was cold; the wind was blowing; part of the time snow fell, and then came glimpses of the sun. I supposed that I could not get a fair shot, and must trust to luck, and yet to my surprise they laid like stones, and I killed twenty in an hour and a half. I have hunted snipe here for twenty years in Spring and Fall, and they come in sufficient numbers every year to furnish good sport. I have studied their habits, and yet I could not tell what kind of a day would be the best to hunt them on. They are as uncertain as the wind, and as full of vagaries as a mule. If any of your correspondents can lay down a set of rules this bird will obey, they will confer a favor upon

HAY.

HOLDING AHEAD.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Schneider must have been hard up for notoriety of a doubtful kind when he came out in print against Mr. Van Dyke for advocating holding ahead of a quartering bird. I thought in this land of common school education that every child had learned enough of natural forces to know that it is *impossible* to hit a moving object by holding *on* to it. But as it seems that Schneider is not the only man whose education has been neglected, I will try and show him on common sense principles why Van Dyke is right and he is wrong.

A duck we will say moves at 60 miles an hour—not too fast for a duck—that is to say, 1,760 yards or 5,280 feet a minute, or 88 feet per second. Now, a charge from a gun has probably a velocity of not over 1,200 feet per second, which would be between 13 and 14 times as fast as the bird's flight; for argument and easier figuring we will say that the shot travels 15 times faster than the bird. In the tenth of a second the shot will travel 120 feet (40 yards) in the same time the bird will travel a shade less than 6 feet. If the gun was well choked you would not touch a feather of his tail; if it was built on the bell-muzzle principle some stray pellet might reach him, but would lack penetration to more than ruffle a feather or two. Any way, a charge would be thrown away.

But Schneider will say then why hold only three feet ahead of him? Why not hold six feet ahead of him? Because after sighting the bird you pull three feet ahead of him at double the rate he is traveling and give the shot that much sideloug acceleration.

If we were talking of rifle bullets and birds and not a charge of shot and birds, the fallacy would be easier demonstrated.

WILL O' THE WISP.

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Trap Shooting.

A Justification of Ira Paine.

FLATBUSH, L. I.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—At the request of Mr. Paine and Mr. Barker with Mr. Williamson I drove to Deerfoot, now called I believe, the Brooklyn Driving Park, under the able management of Hiram W. Howe, to witness Mr. Paine's exhibition of skill in the performance of various feats with the shot-gun, rifle and pistol in breaking glass balls, in refutation of the assertions made by Capt. Bogardus, that they were accomplished fraudulently. As regards the dual controversies of these parties I have nothing to say, having no interests, but as regards the feats performed before me and witnesses, they were one and all *performed* and *accomplished* as represented by Mr. Paine, with that degree of precision and neatness of execution that entitles him to rank with the *best*.

I will render in brief detail the exhibition: First he took his 7¼ lbs. Parker gun and placed a Huber trap 18 yards, from which he broke the balls straightaways, right and left quarters, until it became monotonous. Then my friend Williamson, an old base ball expert, stood about 15 feet to the right of Mr. Paine, who gave him the liberty to throw the balls from the hand in any manner so as to baffle the shooter most, of which Paine broke 10 and missed 2. Next, Paine stood out in the field and Williamson 25 measured paces in front of him. Paine told W. to throw the balls as swiftly as possible at him. Of these he broke 18 out of 20. He next took pairs in his hands and threw them up himself but a short distance to show his rapidity, breaking these with the same accuracy as the rest. His concluding performance with the shot-gun was to see how many balls he could break in a minute, loading his own gun and springing the trap. His first attempt proved a failure from two shells missing fire. On his second trial he broke 10 balls in 30 seconds without a miss. This completed the shot-gun exercise. Now came a trial of breaking balls, thrown by shooter, with a Colt's revolver. Although not as accurate in this display of marksmanship he had a just excuse, it being an entirely new pistol and the trigger pull was too heavy to insure certainty; still he displayed sufficient form to prove that properly equipped he can do what he states. The shells used in this pistol as in the rifle were bought by Mr. Barker on his way out.

Then came the rifle shooting, and a wonderful performance it was. The rifle used was a Winchester repeating arm—one used by Dr. Carver (maybe this is the secret, the rifle did not know how to miss). The first trial was at single balls thrown by the hand as follows: He loaded the rifle magazine with 16 shells and one in the barrel, total, 17 shots. I stood about 10 feet from Mr. Paine, and tossed up perpendicularly 17 glass balls of which he broke 15, reloading the rifle while at the shoulder in 30 seconds. What makes this all the more meritorious is that I never threw a ball before for any rifle shooting, this being by maiden effort. I have now to record the most wonderful performance of the day. Standing near a table with the balls on it, he loaded the rifle; taking a pair of balls in his left hand he tossed them up together, firing and reloading the rifle while at the shoulder and breaking the second ball before striking the ground, making literally a genuine double shot. At this game he broke the first four pairs, missed his 9th ball, breaking the tenth, and two more pair, making the magnificent record of thirteen broken out of seven pairs and one miss.

He concluded by placing an ordinary flour barrel 50 measured yards, and firing the sixteen shots and one load in rifle at the head of this barrel, as rapidly as possible, and accomplished this undertaking with the same success as the others, by grouping the seventeen shots beautifully in less time than I take to narrate it, thus demonstating the rapidity and accuracy of this arm for all purposes. After this we gathered our traps at the sound of "Lunch is ready, gentlemen;" and after partaking of the capital repast, well served, and calcimining the inside, started for Gotham, well pleased and thoroughly satisfied that no black lead balls were placed on top of shot for use in rifle, but everything was just as Mr. Paine represented, and he performed every feat according to his statements, and I will personally add, under trying circumstances; everything was regular and in accordance.

BLACK NED.

We take pleasure in subscribing our names as witnesses.

M. M. BARKER,
W. K. WILLIAMSON.

THE CHAMPION GLASS BALL MEDAL.—Capt. Bogardus intends to offer the Champion Glass Ball Medal, which his son Eugene Bogardus holds, for competition on Monday, May 26, at Abe Kleinman's grounds, South Chicago. It will be open to all. The entries will close when the first man goes to the score. The Captain was last week the recipient of a very handsome 12 bore, breech-loading shot gun, weighing 9 lbs., made by James Purdy & Son, London, England, with case and loading implements complete—presented him by Mr. Winans, the gentleman in England who offered to back him for any amount of money, just prior to his last visit to England. The gun is on exhibition at the Captain's shooting gallery, 158 South Clark St., and is much admired by those who have seen it. One gentleman made an offer of $400 for it. On last Saturday evening the Captain at his gallery attempted the feat of breaking 100 glass balls consecutively, with a 20-guage gun and half an ounce of shot. He broke 99, missing his 91st ball. Tom Stagg was judge. A large numb r were present. Captain Bogardus shoots May 6th at Mobile, Ala., and will be at the Louisville, Ky., tournament.

LONG BRANCH GUN CLUB.—The new grounds of the Long Branch Gun Club, now numbering about two hundred and fifty members of the crack shots of America, were located to-day, by authority of the club, in a meeting previously held at Delmonico's, New York, at Deal Beach, the terminus of the Ocean avenue drive from Long Branch along the sea shore. The ground comprises ten acres opposite the Deal Beach station of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, so that visitors can reach it by rail or carriage from Long Branch in a few minutes. An elegant club house and a grand stand will be erected immediately, the latter placed thirty-five yards from the traps, the traps to be shot at eighteen yards' rise. The sports will be confined to glass ball and pigeon shooting, the boundaries to be marked by lines of fences eighty yards distant from the traps. The new ground is only two miles south of Eberon and Mr. Hoey's Hollywood Park, on the line of the present drives, in Monmouth County. The club intend to have the house and grounds in complete order by July 1.—*New York Herald.*

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, NEVADA.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Match for gold medal and 3 prizes; medal, value $50; and cartridge trunk, value $10, to first; hunting coat, value $9, to second; cartridge trunk, value $7.50, to third; 15 single, at 26 yards; V. S. Club rules to govern. Judges, Wm. Scarem and R. E. Lowery; Jos. Demling, referee.

Moses	01011 11000 00101—7
Parker	11101 10100 01010—8
Shoneman	10100 10011 00101—7
Donnel	10100 00111 00001—6
S. Kavens	10000 000 0 00000—1
McCaulley	11110 10110 11110—11
Bish	01010 00100 01010—5
Robinson	01100 10000 11011—7
J. S. Laven	10001 10110 00011—7
Gibson	01011 11110 10100—9
Dimond	01001 11010 10111—9
Hooper	11101 01100 00110—8

Ties on 9, at 31 yards.

Gibson	10010—2	Dimond	11110—4

Ties on 8, at 31 yards.

Parker	11110—4	Hooper	10011—3

McCauley with 11 takes medal and firs. prize; Dimond, second; and Parker third.

This is the hardest shoot we ever had, the wind blew a hurricane, and carried a large number of dead birds out of bounds. This is the first match for a new medal, the last having been won by T. Dimond three times. This was the second medal he has taken from us. B. K.

KEOKUK, IA.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Enclosed please find score of shoot for badge and sweepstake match. The following are the scores:

Kinnaman	1000001—2	Lucas	1001010—3
Holt	0111001—4	Shuler	1111111—7
Roberteon	1101000—3		

The badge was awarded to Mr Shuler. A glass ball match was then had, of which the following is the score:

Kinnaman	11101 01011—7	Roberteon	11000 00111—5
Lucas	11111 10101—8	Welch	01101 01111—7
Shuler	11111 11110—9	Holt	10010 10111—6

This was followed by a glass ball sweepstakes match with the following result:

Welch	11101 11111—9	Leisy	10110 11111—8
Shuler	11011 11111—9	Holt	01111 01111—8
Anderson	11001 01111—7		

Welch and Shuler divided first money, and Leisy and Holt second. Welch and Leisy had a corner shoot, in which the former scored 8 and the latter 6.

SNAP.

MRS. PARTINGTON SAYS:—Don't take any of the quack nostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits, and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *ne plus unum* of medicines.—(Advt.)

TRAP AT NASHVILLE.—Nashville Shooting Park.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The following matches at glass balls took place:

Match for a Bavarian rifle.

Dr. Buzzard	01110 11100—6	Ament	00
Simpson	01111 11011—8	Maskey	11110 1110—7
Hamilton	10111 00110—6	J. J. Carter	11010 1
C. K. Cook	11101 00111—7	W. A. Knight	11110 11111—9
Valentino	01101 11111—8	Pinkerton	11101 1011
F. Shields	11101 11011—8	Burkholz	00011 11111—7
Higgins	10101 11000—5	Brackman	11111 100
H. C. Pritchitt	1100	Dr. Buzzard	11111 01110—8
Briar	01111 10010—6	Joe. Houston	11001 11100—6
Blood	10110 11110—7	Dr. Buzzard	11111 00111—8
A. E. Burr	10010 00101—4	J. Campbell	11111 11111—10
Wynne	00111 11111—8	Joe Stone	10111 101
Hamilton	00111 11111—8		

Second match, sweepstakes, 4 balls, 1st miss count out.

Ament	110—2	Ragio	011—2
Cardwell	1111—4	C. Griffith	110—2
Gorston	1110—3	Napier	1110—3
Buzzard	1110 3		

Third match, Sweepstakes.

Ament	0	Mitchell	111111—6
Pritchitt	10	Buzzard	01
Cheatham	0	Nicholson	10
Ragio	111110—5	Carter	11110—4

Fourth match.

Nelson	10 01—2	Carter	11 01—3
Valentino	11 01—3	Gilbert	11 00—2
Mitchell	11 11—4	Pritchitt	10

Fifth match.

Valentino	11101—4	Cook	11100—3

Sixth match.

Valentino	110—2	Cook	0
Pritchitt	111—3		

CLIMAX.

THE TRAP AT WEST MERIDEN.—West Meriden, Conn.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The following is a report of a glass ball match for the "champion" cup of Meriden. The sun was screened by dark clouds and gave things a gloomy aspect. Cold, raw and slightly shifting wind made the shooters feel down-hearted at first, but they warmed up as the shooting commenced. It being the first shoot for the cup there was considerable excitement. The winner must win it three times in succession, at 15 balls thrown from three Bogardus traps, with Bogardus rules to govern. The cup is a very neat affair and appropriately trimmed and engraved, with space left for the name of winner. It was presented by John A. Thomas, Esq., our veteran gunsmith:

I. Ferguson	01101 11111 11100—11
J. A. Thomas	11111 11001 01110—11
F. O. Downing	11111 10111 11101—13
N. Cornwell	11010 10110 01111—10
J. F. Ives	01011 01001 00001—6
C. McKendrick	00111 01000 01001—6
E. B. Richmond	10100 00101 10001—6
E. A. Bridsey	01010 11101 01101—9
L. J. Gaines	01110 11101 10111—11
D. C. Pease	10111 01111 11101—12
N. A. Roberts	00010 00100 00111—5
J. Phenix	00111 10111 11011—11
S. Lawton	01000 10110 01001—6

Mr. F. O. Downing wins the cup.

There were other matches with sweepstakes too small to mention, but all the shooters made a better average than when shooting for the cup. All shot the "Parker" gun. I will send you a report of the second match for the cup when it comes off.

CAPT. NEMO.

MOINGONA, IOWA.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The following is the score of the Boone County Gun Club at their club match shoot at Moingona, April 12th. Nine single birds, and strong flyers; also score of glass ball snooting on the same day, plunge traps, 80 yards boundary.

W. D. Morgan, 31 yds	10100 1001—4
James Murray, 31 yds	10101 0101—5
George Cummings, 26 yds	01001 0100—3
L. Lindley Porter, M. D., 26 yds	11010 0110—5
Hugh Common, 26 yds	10100 1011—5
Frank Farrel, 26 yds	11101 0111—7
Samuel Hamilton, 26 yds	11101 0110—6
John Lyons, 26 yds	10101 0010—4

Glass balls—(Paine's feather balls) 15 balls each.

W. D. Morgan	11101 10111 11101—12
George Cummings	00100 01010 01001—5
James Murray	01001 11111 01111—11
L. Lindley Porter, M. D.	00001 01010 01111—7
Hugh Common	01001 01101 00110—7
Frank Farrel	10111 11000 10100—8
Samuel Hamilton	00110 10010 01011—7

ELINO.

TRENTON, KY.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Enclosed find glass ball shoot for breech-loading shot gun, value $80, which took place here Friday, April 11, 10 balls, Mole's revolving trap, behind screen; Bogardus rules, entrance $5:

R. E. Harrison	00111 01—4	Hal Walters	11110 10111—8
Man Burrus	00010 00100—2	R. E. Harrison	00010 10—2
Hal Walters	00110 00—2	John H. Wood	11111 100—6
Bub Roberts	01010 11100—5	Gran Clark	11111 11110—9
Gran Clark	11111 11000—7	S. E. Reeves	01011 11111—8
R. E. Harrison	01110 11110—7	W. A. Lowry	10111 10111—8
Os Clark	11010 10011—6	Tom Garth	00110 10000—3
G. M. Hart	01101 11010—6	R. E. Harrison	01101 11101—7

Owing to cold rain and heavy wind from northwest, the boys made poor scores. Wood withdrew on account of gun. There is considerable talk of a match between Reeves and Clark, for a considerable sum. Reeves' friends seem anxious for the match, and have $100 for first deposit, and await the action of Clark and friends. I will give you full details when it takes place, and keep you posted from these parts oftener than heretofore.

MAJE.

LAKE CITY, MINN.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Enclosed find score of glass ball match between Lake City and Plainview team.

Plainview Team.

J. Baldwin	11111 11111 11111—15
D. A. Lindsey	10111 11111 11111—14
M. E. Tabor	11111 11011 11111—14
W. Mills	01110 11011 00010—8
Wm. Lawton	00111 11111 11101—11
S. O. Seymour	10111 101*1 11111—12—74

*Ball broken; gun out of position.

Lake City Team.

G. F. Benson	00111 00000 01110—9
L. S. Van Vliet	11111 11111 01100—12
G. N. Benham	11011 00011 01100—8
J. McCroden	01101 01111 11110—11
E. L. Townsend	00101 10101 11110—9
Nate Patton	11111 11101 10110—12—58

PLAINVIEW.

EICH VS. LYDSTON.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Messrs. Eich and Lydston, of the South End Shooting Club, had on the club's grounds, a match at 25 single and 3 pairs of birds, for the price of the birds and the honor of supremacy. At single birds it was a tight race. The following is the

SCORE.

M. Eich	11110 11110 11111 10110 10111	11 11 11—26
N. J. Lydston	00111 11110 11111 01111 01101	01 01 00—21

THE PAINE FEATHER FILLED BALLS.—New York.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The sales of Paine's Feather-Filled Glass Ball for the month of March were over two hundred and seventy-three thousand, with *increasing* orders for the present month. Send for price list.

P. S.—For Sale.—One pair improved Steel Pincers for breaking the necks of the Rough Ball.—BOHEMIAN GLASS WORKS, 214 Pearl Street, New York.—(Advt. 4t.)

FRANK FORRESTER.—An unpublished work by Wm. Henry Herbert, is now being issued weekly in "AFIELD AND AFLOAT." Office, 607 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. Specimen copies, 5 cents.—(Advt 1t).

ADVANCED PHYSICIANS.—Many of the more advanced physicians, having found Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines prompt and sure, prescribe them regularly in their practice.

TWINVILLE, Tenn., May 28th, 1877.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—For a long time I suffered with catarrh. I finally called in Dr. Zachary, of this place. He furnished me with your nasal Douche, Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and your Golden Medical Discovery. These remedies speedily effected an entire cure. Yours truly,

JOHN S. CHAMLESS.

(Advt).

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

(KENNEL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 183.)

Class 40.—Foxhounds, over 8 months in couples. 1st, Rose Tree Hunt, Reuben, b and t, Nate—Juno, and Ray, w b and t, Nate—Juno.

Class 41.—Beagles—Dogs. 1st, Dodge and Baker. Rattler, w b and t, Warrior—Rosy; 2d, Prentess and Gallup, Spot, b and w, Spot—Fan.

Class 42.—Beagles—Bitches. 1st, Dodge and Baker, Bell, w b and t, Darwin—Milley; 2d, Geo. Pownall, Beauty, b w and t, Dan—Bess.

Class 43.—Beagles in couples. 1st, J. A. Stovell, Charmer, b w and t, imp, and Chanter b w and t, imp; 2d, August Lange, Gess, b w and t, Tramp—Nellie, and Fan, b w and t, Tramp—Nellie.

Class 44—Beagle puppies in couples over 8 months. 1st, J. A. Stovell, Charmer, and Chanter.

Class 45.—Dachshunds—Dogs and bitches. 1st and 2d, Dr. L. Henry Twaddell, Unser Fritz fal, red Breno—Waldina; and Zankerle, ch and t, Waldemann—Zenge.

Class 46.—Colleys—Dogs and bitches. 1st H. Sparmaker, Frank, bl.; 2d, Thos. Berry, Shep gr t.

Class 47.—Colleys—Puppies over 8 months. 1st, Francis Morris, Bruce, bl and t, Watty—Queen.

Class 48—Newfoundlands, blacks—Dogs and bitches. 1st, C. Crawford Coates, Nero; 2d, L. S. Boraef, Captain.

Class 49.—Newfoundlands, black and white—Dogs and bitches. 1st Dr. Hooper, Frank; 2d, Miss Margaretta C. MacVeagh, Rob, Lee—Diana

Class 50.—Mount St. Bernards—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Daniel P. Foster, Turk, imp.

Class 51.—Mount St. Bernards, smooth-coated—Dogs and bitches. 1st and 2d, John P. Haines, Harold, o t and w; and Don t and w.

Class 52.—Mastiffs—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Wm. F. Morgan, King Olaf, fawn; 2d, A. C. Johnson, Grim, fawn.

Class 52.—Siberians—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Dr. E. Morwitz, Sedan, s g imp.; 2d. G. Bressan, Miro, f and w, Sultan—Golubus.

Class 54.—Bull-dogs—Dogs and bitches. 1st, F. A. Miller, Ben, brindle; 2d, Thos. D. Burke, Jennie, brindle.

Class 55.—Bull-terriers—Dogs and bitches. 1st, N. Robinson, Jr., Nan wh; 2d, Saml. Shearer, Pete, wh, Ben Joe—Fannie.

Class 56.—Fox-terriers—Dogs and bitches. 1st and 2d, Thos. D. Burke, Rattler II, bl w and t, Rattler—Violet, and Vixen o and w imp.

Class 57 to 59.—No awards.

Class 60.—Rough and broken-haired terriers, exceeding 10 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, R. S. Redfield, Sandy, drk t, Jack—Muff; 2d, Ewd. Dailey, Jack, yellow.

Class 61—Skye-terriers, exceeding 10 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, R. McLellan, Tom b and g; 2d, Morris R. Strand, Jr., Topsey, bl and g.

Class 62—Yorkshire-terriers—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Thos. J. Kaalager, Ben II., blue; 2d, Thos. D. Burke, Charley, b and t.

Class 63.—Pugs—Dogs. 1st, Mrs. W. W. Fisher, Punko, f and b; 2d, D. W. S. Webb, Bothnia, f, imp.

Class 64.—Pugs—Bitches. 1st, Mrs. F. J. Kimball, Judy, f. and b. Baron—Beeby.

Class 65.—No entries.

Class 66.—Italian greyhounds—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Mrs. Annie M. Kramer, Neppy, cr.; 2d, Ellis L. Campbell, Vic., f., Andy—Lilly.

Class 67.—King Charles and Blenheim spaniels—Dogs and bitches. 1st, not awarded; 2d, G. W. Boger, Fritz, liv.

Class 68.—No awards.

Class 69.—Black and tan terriers, not exceeding 10 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Richard Berriman, Kate; 2d, Wm. Taylor, Dollie.

Class 70.—Rough and broken haired terriers, not over 10 lbs.—Dogs and bitches. 1st, Mrs. C. B. McMichael, Bounce, gr. and t.

Class 71.—Miscellaneous—1st. Francis N. Buck, Jim; 2d, Michael B. Andress, Sam Tilton; 3d, Wm. Pale, Spot; Miss C. Faulkner, Hector.

Class 72.—No awards.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Class A.—Best imported setter dog—Sheldon hunting suit. Prize, Harvard Kennel Club, Dash III.

Class B.—Best brace of imported setters—Parker gun. Prize, John C. Higgins, Petrel and Pontiac.

Class D.—Best imported setter bitch—Portraits of dogs on tiles. Prize, W. A. Strother, Frost.

Class E.—Best pointer dog—Remington gun. Prize, E. Orgill, Rush.

Class F.—Best brace pointers—1500 Union metallic shells. Prize, E. Orgill, Rose and Belle.

Class G.—Best pointer dog with two progeny—Silver tankard. Prize, J. J. Snellenburg, Button.

Class N.—Best Irish setter dog—Wesson rifle. Prize, Massachusetts Kennel Club, Berkley.

Class O.—Best brace Irish setters—Shot, value $25. Prize, R. B. Morgan, Dan and Flirt.

Class R.—Best black and tan setter dog—Case game birds. Prize, Toledo Kennel Club, Grouse.

Class S.—Best brace black and tan setters—20 pictures of game birds. Prize, Saml. D. Bergen, Dash and Duke.

Class U.—Best black and tan setter bitch—Dog whip. Prize, Saml. G. Dixon, Crete.

Class W.—Best water spaniel—Burgess magazine rifle. Prize, Chas. W. Bailey, Barney.

Class D 1.—Best sheep dog—Tapestry table cover. Prize, Chas. Pugh, Tom.

Class E 1.—Best Newfoundland—Colt's revolver. Prize, C. Crawford Coates, Nero.

Class F 1.—Best Mount St. Bernard—Illustrated shooting directory. Prize, John P. Haines, Don.

Class G1.—Best mastiff—Silver vase. Prize, W. F. Morgan, King Olaf.

Class I1.—Best Skye terrier—Skye terrier plaque. Prize, Robert McLellan, Tom.

Class K1.—Best Italian greyhound—Pair tiles and silver vase. Prize, Mrs. Annie M. Kramer, Neppy.

Class L1.—Best pug—Pair candlesticks. Prize, Mrs. W. W. Fisher, Punko.

Class M1.—Best Irish water spaniel—Ducking skiff. Prize, Mrs. Frank Furness, Leander.

Class N1.—Best black and tan terrier—Plaque. Prize, R. Berriman, Kate.

Class O1.—Best English setter bitch—Portrait of winner in oil. Prize, John C. Higgins, Petrel.

Class X.—Best fox hound, with two of progeny—Muzzle loading rifle. Prize, Thomas Davis, Boxer.

Class Y—Best three couple foxhounds—Scarlet hunting coat. Prize, Leopard pack.

Class A2.—Best five couples, fox-hounds—saddle and bridle. Prize, Leopard Pack.

Class Z.—Best beagle—Delaware Cartridge Co., 1,500 shells. Prize, Dodge & Baker, Rattler.

Class A1.—Best dachshund, repeating rifle. Prize, Dr. L. Henry Twaddel, Unser Fritz.

Class C1.—Best greyhound—Encyclopedia of poetry. Prize, Augustus Simon, Sam.

Class XY.—Best fox-hound—Painting. Prize, Thomas Davis, Dixey Jr.

GOTHAMITE.

ZEAL.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—St. Louis, Mo.—Please correct your Philadelphia correspondent's mistake in his mention of St. Louis Kennel Club's pointer bitch Zeal, at the late Philadelphia show. Zeal was not there. The club's dogs could not be sent to Philadelphia without great inconvenience at this time—although they were entered. J. W. M.

Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association--Second Annual Bench Show Premium List, Omaha, May 13, 14, 15.

DIVISION A, ENGLISH SETTERS.

Class 1.—Champion dogs—silver cup.
Class 2.—Champion bitches— do.

OPEN CLASSES.

Class 3.—Imported English setters or their progeny of the first generation, dogs; 1st, silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 4.—Imported English setters or their progeny of the first generation, bitches; 1st silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 5.—Imported English setter puppies under 12 months old, dogs or bitches—silver cup.
Class 6.—Native English setters, dogs; 1st silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 7.—Native English setters, bitches; 1st, silver cup, 2d, medal.
Class 8.—Native English setters, puppies under 12 months—silver cup.

DIVISION B, IRISH SETTERS.

Class 9.—Champion dogs—silver cup.
Class 10.— do bitches— do.
Class 11.—Imported Irish setters or their progeny, of the first generation, dogs; 1st, silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 12.—Imported Irish setters, or their progeny, of the first generation, bitches; 1st, silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 13.—Imported Irish setters, puppies under 12 months old—silver cup.
Class 14.—Native Irish setters, dogs; 1st, silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 15.—Native Irish setters, bitches; 1st, silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 16.—Native Irish setters puppies under 12 months old—silver medal.

DIVISION C, GORDON SETTERS.

Class 17.—Champion—dogs—silver cup.
Class 18.—Champion—bitches—silver cup.

OPEN CLASSES.

Class 19.—Gordon setters, native or imported dogs; 1st, silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 20.—Gordon setters, native or imported bitches; 1st, silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 21.—Gordon setters, native or imported puppies under 12 months old; silver cup.

DIVISION D, POINTERS.

Class 22.—Champion, dogs, silver cup.
Class 23.—Champion, bitches, silver cup.

OPEN CLASSES.

Class 24.—Pointers, native or imported dogs; 1st, silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 25.—Pointers, native or imported bitches; 1st, silver cup; 2d, medal.
Class 26.—Pointers, native or imported puppies under 12 months old; silver cup.

DIVISION E.

Class 27.—Irish water spaniels, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 28—Retrieving water spaniels, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 29.—Field spaniels of any breed, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 30.—Cocker spaniels, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 31.—Greyhounds of any age or breed, silver medal.
Class 32.—Newfoundland dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 33.—St. Bernard, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 34.—Shepherd or Colley dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 35.—Dalmatian or coach dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 36.—Black and tan terriers, silver medal.
Class 37.—Skye terriers, silver medal.
Class 38.—Dandie Dinmont terriers, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 39.—Italian greyhounds, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 40.—Bull-terriers, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 41.—Bull-dogs, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 42.—Mastiffs, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 43.—Pugs, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 44.—Poodles, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 45.—Mexican, dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 46.—Spitz dogs or bitches, silver medal.
Class 47.—Best brace of setters of any age or breed; 1st, silver cup, 2d, silver medal.
Class 48.—Best brace of pointers; 1st, silver cup; 2d, medal.

THE BOSTON SHOW.—The Boston show promises to be a grand affair. In reply to inquiries, the Llewellin medal is open for competition to field trial winners only, or the descendants of field trial winners. Mr. Lincoln, the superintendent of the Boston show, writes us:

"Our entries are now nearly all in and comprise the very choicest in the country, nearly all of the best dogs in the country are entered. No less than seventeen compete for the grand cash purse of $500. The entries are as follows:

Harvard Kennel Club, Dash III.; C. M. Pond, Trump, Gordon; G. A. Thayer, Daniel Webster; Toledo Kennel Club, Grouse; Toledo Kennel Club, Bee, Gordon; H. S. & S. C. Magraw, Royal Duke, E.; Franklin Sumner, Lelaps, E.; St. Louis Kennel Club, Bow and Faust, pointers; W. W. Callender, Rory O'Moore, Irish; John C. Higgins, Petrel and Pontiac, E.; L. H. Smith, Paris, E.; Baltimore Kennel Club, Derg, Irish; J. J. Snellenburg, Thunder, E.; John E. Long, Coin, E.

In class B, for the $350 picture, all the above are entered except Trump, Lelaps, Pontiac, and Derg, with additional entries of Geo. H. Hitchcock's Fly; Harvard Kennel Club, Countess, Eng. setter; Toledo Kennel Club, Bob, Gordon; Edmund Orgill, Rose, pointer; W. H. Leighton, Dash; J. A. Davis, Nell; D. F. Wilbur, Dan, formerly Sam; L. H. Smith, Leicester; J. J. Snellenburg, Peeress.

All the classes are well filled, and many interesting contests may be expected. The judging will be done in public in the lower hall, a splendid place for the purpose."

ANOTHER IMPORTATION.—New York—*Editor Chicago Field*:—At the invitation of Dr. A. Russell Strachan, no less known as a connoisseur in dog matters, than as a physician, I called at his house to inspect his latest acquisition in canines, the lately imported setter Argyle. I was fully prepared, knowing the doctor's judgment in reference to all things canine, to find a handsome setter, but not one so superior as I did. The dog is called Argyle, was bred from a Gordon bitch at the Duke of Argyle's kennel, and by a dog from Llewellin's. He is a tri-color, being black-headed, black-necked, and black almost to loins. This black is no rusty, fusty undertaker's color, but a black as glossy as the sheen of a raven's wing. The white of hips and hind quarters is dazzling in its purity. The jaws are marked in the redest of tan, while tan spots are markedly seen over the eyes. He is one of the most powerfully built dogs I have seen for many a day. Sturdy and stocky from head to tail. In coat superb, and in fringe of legs, flag of tail, and frill, well! adjectives fail, and I will say perfection. His only fault is a little too heavy a neck, but as is in the human and bovine species it only tends to show superabundance of animal strength. I consider him more than a good acquisition to the fine stock of this country.

GOPHER.

WHO BRED PRAIRIE BELLE?—Canton, Ohio.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Under the heading of "Who Bred Prairie Belle?" I see an article from Shamrock and editorial comments from yourself. In justice to you both I would say the following regarding it: In Minnesota when you, Mr. Whitford Mr. Kellogg, and myself were commenting on the dogs run at trials, I did claim to be the breeder of Prairie Belle, in so much as I had selected her sire, Rake, and I naturally felt quite proud of my selection, but I certainly left a wrong impression on your mind as to how I came into possession of her. She was made a present to me by Mr. Whitman, not in part payment for breaking Pearl (for which he paid me the cash), but for the interest I had taken in Pearl, and a desire to see the puppy developed. I am free to accord Mr. Whitman as her breeder, and do so cheerfully, and am contented, as long as it leaves me in possession of Prairie Belle.

R. B. MORGAN.

Deaths.

HUGH.—Mr. H. Cassard, Baltimore, Md., has recently lost by death his black and tan Count—Whip puppy Hugh.

VAN.—Mr. Garrett Roach's, New York city, lemon and white pointer Van, died on the second day of the Philadelphia bench show. This puppy won second prize in the over 6 and under 12 months class at New York.

THE EFFECTS OF DISTEMPER.—Our correspondent, R. O. B., writes from Kalamazoo, Mich., "That curse, distemper, has been among us and succeeded in carrying off two fine Irish setter puppies, one belonging to Mr. W. Corwin and the other to Mr. A. Cohn."

ROB ROY.—Mr. Arnold Burges has lost his champion Rob Roy. The old dog was found dead in his kennel on the 21st. Rob Roy had a grand reputation as a field dog, and proved himself of equal value in the stud, his produce being some of the best dogs in this country.

COIN.—Those who know Mr. John E. Long will regret for his sake to hear of the death of Coin, and those who have seen Coin will regret still more, as the death of a dog like Coin is a very great loss. While Mr. Long was on his way, at the close of the Philadelphia show, to the West Philadelphia depot, Coin jumped over the Chestnut street bridge and killed himself. Coin was by Leicester, out of Dodge's Rose, imported by F. B. Farnsworth. He was, therefore, a half brother to Smith's Paris, and so much alike were they that a stranger could not have told one from the other. Mr. Long valued Coin very highly, and his loss, therefore, he feels the keener.

COLBURN'S DASH.—On Saturday morning, April 12, Dash, the property of Mr. George Colburn, died. Few dogs were better known than Dash. With the exception of being too leggy he was the handsomest dog we have ever seen. He was a very glossy black with a very rich tan and a white frill and white feet. His coat was as soft as silk and when in condition it had the luster of satin. He was 28 inches at the shoulder. Dash was a good show dog and a capital field dog; and, moreover, an excellent sire, as his progeny are very highly prized by their owners for their beauty and field qualities. He was a mixture of Irish, Gordon and English. His sire, Putnam's Dan, was a half brother to Rodman's Dash, being by Paul Meade's Dash, out of Putnam's English setter bitch Nell. His dam was Valentine's black and tan Gordon setter bitch. Mr. Colburn purchased him in 1873 for, we we think, $300, and refused soon after large advances on that amount. We offered $200 for him, and should have owned him, but while hesitating Mr. Colburn purchased him. Mr. Colburn valued him very highly, and only death could have parted owner and dog. Dash was nine years old, having been whelped in 1870.

Names Claimed.

HUGH.—Mr. H. Cassard, Baltimore, Md., re-claims the name Hugh for a red Irish Derg—Eva dog puppy.

VAN DYKE.—Mr. H. G. McMillan, Washington, Ia., claims the name Van Dyke for black white and tan dog by Druid out of Glenella.

VINITA.—Mr. S. W. Paul, St. Louis, Mo., changes the name of his Champion Bow, Munson's queen bitch puppy, recently purchased of Mr. H. W. Taft, from Ella Warner to Vinita.

CHROMO AND IKE.—Tunica, La.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I claim the name of "Chromo" for my orange and white bitch pup out of my "Rye," (Dilley stock) by my "Signal," and the name of "Ike" for her litter brother, liver and white ticked. "Kit Killbird."

FOLLY TO SLEAFORD'S MAID.—Topeka, Kansas.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—We desire to change the name of our Sleaford—Pride pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 27, 1877, color liver and white, from Folly, as claimed by Mr. Thomas, to that of Sleaford's Maid.

IRWIN & WADDELL.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER—DOTS.—Mr. James E. Adams, Edina, Mo., claims the name of Dot II. for his black setter bitch pup, whelped Sept 11th, 1878, by Beautiful Dreamer, out of his old Dot (now dead), also Dash IV for black dog, litter brother to Dot II, and now owned by Mr. Joseph Victor; also Kaiser for black dog, same litter, now owned by Mr. V. E. Lycan, Edina, Mo.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.—Tunica, La.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I beg space to say that Mr. H. Peters of Fla. can *cast off* his "Rock," eat his "Rice," *break* his "Reed," and drink his "Rum and Rain," but he must leave the "Rye" for me, for I claimed that name for my Dilley bitch in your columns, in the Fall of 1877. I would suggest to bro. Peters that he take the name of "Rail," which will *run* well with his "Reed," besides being a good article to *close* the season with. My Rye is his pup's sire's sister, so he must regard this ANTE claim; or second cousins they are. Which is it? KIT KILLBIRD.

Whelps.

ZITA.—Mr. W. Vie's Zita, whelped April 15, 8—2 dogs and 6 bitches—by France.

DAISY DALE.—Mr. W. G. B. Shelton's Daisy Dale, whelped 5—4 dogs and 1 bitch—by Dash III.

IRISH KATE.—Emporia Kennel Club's Irish Kate whelped, April 18, 5—3 dogs and 2 bitches—by Karl.

SHIELA.—Mr. B. F. Dorrance's Shiela (Plunket—Stella) whelped, April 25, 10, by Storm (Paris—Ruth).

FANNY.—Mr. C. C. Pettit's lemon and white pointer bitch Fanny (Spot—Countess) whelped, April 10, 6, by champion Bow.

PHYLLIS.—Mr. D. C. Bergundthal's Phyllis whelped, April 20, 8—4 dogs and 4 bitches—all black white and tan, by his Rake.

DAISY.—Mr. C. C. Pettit's black setter bitch Daisy (Don—Dimple) whelped, March 11, 11, by Ladd's Gordon setter dog Guy.

PATTI.—Mr. E. C. Waller's imported setter bitch Patti whelped 11—6 dogs and 5 bitches—by Coin, all lemon and white and black and white.

ROSE.—Dr. Wm. Jarvis' imported red Irish setter Rose (champion Palmerston—Flora), whelped April 20, 8—5 dogs and 3 bitches—by champion Elcho.

JESSIE.—Dr. J. B. Alexander's liver and white pointer bitch Jessie (Frank—Kate) whelped 14—11 dogs and 3 bitches—by owner's Bird (Waddell's Phil—Nailor).

NELLY BLIGH.—Mr. A. H. Hornsby's cocker spaniel bitch Nelly Bligh whelped, April 25, 7—4 dogs and 3 bitches—by Whitman's Doctor; 4 are solid liver and 3 liver and white.

NILSEON.—Mr. Arnold Burgess' Nilseon (sister to champion Queen Mab) whelped, April 24, 8—4 dogs and 4 bitches—by Druid; they are lemon and white and black, white and tan.

Visits.

MADGE—BOW.—Mr. S. S. Reed's Madge to champion Bow.
QUEEN—BOW.—Mr. W. H. Linn's Queen to champion Bow.
MINNA—JOE JR.—Mr. F. P. Gracey's Minna to champion Joe Jr.
BELL—JOE JR.—Mr. J. F. Nicholson's Bell to champion Joe Jr.
STARLIGHT—DASH III.—Mr. H. W. Durgin's Starlight (Rake—Fanny) to Dash III.
WINNIE—RUFUS.—Mr. W. H. Linn's Winnie (Plunket—Carrie) to champion Rufus.
JUNO—GLADSTONE.—Mr. W. T. Dortch's Juno (Rake—Fanny) to champion Gladstone.
FLEET—RANGER.—Mr. S. B. Dilley's pointer bitch Fleet (Ranger—champion Fan) to his Ranger.
DAISY LEE—GLADSTONE.—Mr. W. L. McDonald's Daisy Lee (Leicester—Victress) to champion Gladstone.
BESS—STORM.—Mr. J. N. Shapley's Bess (Rake—Fanny) to Storm (Paris—Ruth); both are blue beltons.

Sales.

EVA.—Mr. H. Cassard, Baltimore, Md., has sold his Plunket—Kitty Irish setter bitch Eva, to Mr J. H. Stromberg, Baltimore, Md.

ELLA WARNER.—Mr. H. W. Taft, St. Louis, Mo., has sold to Mr. S. W. Paul, his champion Bow—Munson's Queen puppy, Ella Warner.

DOCTOR—JOSIE PUPPY.—The Topeka kennel have sold to Mr. Rudolph, of Topeka, Kansas, their black spaniel pup, whelped Dec. 12, 1878, by Whitman's Doctor, out of their black and tan Burdette cocker Josie.

FOUR DON—DOTS.—Dr. M. V. B. Saunders, Detroit, Mich., has sold three liver and white pointer bitch puppies, by Don out of his Dot, whelped, Feb. 22, 1879; one to Mr. W. O. Lumsden, one to Mr. W. H. Leonard, and one to W. H. Edgar, and his pure white dog pup, Snow Ball, same litter, to Mr. Austus Bruin, all residents of Detroit.

RANGER—QUEEN LITTER.—Lake City, Minn.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—The champion Ranger—Queen pups have been sold to the following parties at $25 each: Liver, white and ticked dog, to Wm. Moore, N. J. Liver, white and ticked bitch, to J. McKenna, Cal. Liver and white bitch, to F. A. Dearborn, Boston. Liver and white bitch, to J. W. Babcock, Meadville, Pa. Liver and white bitch, to J. S. Eaton, Minnesota, a dog to a gentleman in New York city, and a bitch to L. Asire, of Minnesota. Liver and white dog to John Schrink, Jr., Toledo, Ohio.

S. B. DILLEY.

Amusements.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.—Maggie Mitchell in Fanchon, the Cricket, is doing a big business at this house to enthusiastic audiences.

HAVERLY' THEATRE.—McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard in the Danites are drawing very large houses.

MCVICKER'S THEATRE.—Mr. Edwin Booth has quite benefitted by his recent escape from the hands of an assassin, and even larger houses have been consequent. The public is to be congratulated that the would-be murderer was so poor a shot.

HAMLIN'S THEATRE.—The Frank Frayne Combination is running here with a full head of foolish rifle shooting. The shooter and spectators should be held criminally liable for any wound or death inflicted by the idiotic practice.

ADVERTISING CHEATS.—It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then to run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the artistic merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.—(Advt).

Harmless as milk, is the Perfected Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. There is no longer, either excuse or necessitp for using the crude color preparations of our grandmothers, which could never be depended upon for uniformity, and tended to keep the butter at a depressed valuation. For sale by all Druggists and Merchants.—Advt.

THE SACRED GANGES.—Millions of lives have been wasted through a superstitious belief in the curative power of the Ganges. More have been lost by faith in useless drugs. Kidney-Wort is a perfect remedy for kidney or liver disease. It is a specific for piles also.—(Advt).

TOURNAMENTS.

THE FIRST ANNUAL

Convention and Tournament

OF THE

MISSOURI STATE Sportsmen's Association

FOR THE

Protection of Fish and Game,

WILL BE HELD IN

ST. LOUIS

ON

May 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d, 1879.

Any sportsmen's association or club in the state, organized for the protection of wild birds or fish, or for the enforcement of laws against the killing of either of them, may become a member of this association, upon written application being made, accompanied by a copy of its constitution and a list of its officers, upon a majority vote of the Board of Directors being had to admit such association or club.

C. JEFF CLARK, Prest. M. S. S. A.

$2,250 in Cash Prizes.

CLASS SHOOTING.

All are Invited.

11-12-3t

THE SIXTH ANNUAL

Convention and Tournament

OF THE

Ill's. State Sportsmen's Ass'n.

FOR THE

Protection of Fish & Game,

Will be Held at

Peoria, Ill., May 27, 28, 29 & 30, '79.

The Tournament will be held at the Park of the Peoria Shooting Club.

$500 IN GOLD

and other valuable donations to be contested for without entrance fee.

Street cars run direct to the grounds.

OFFICERS FOR THE STATE ASSOCIATION, 1879.

V. M. Lincoln, President, Peoria; H. W. Belden, 1st Vice-President, Galesburg; D. F. Reed, 2d Vice-President, Evanston; Geo. W. Baker, Secretary, Peoria; Abner Price, Treasurer, Chicago.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Dr. N. Rowe, Chicago; J. L. Pratt, Sycamore; Geo. Hayden, Jacksonville; D. G. Tunnicliffe, Macomb; Col. D. E. Williams, Quincy.

LAW COMMITTEE.

Hon. J. S. Lee, Peoria; Hon. L. B. Crooker, Mendota; Hon. L. L. Palmer, Chicago.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE ASSOCIATION.

ART. 3. This Association shall be composed of five delegates from each of the organized clubs that have been admitted to the Convention forming this Constitution, and from such other clubs as shall hereafter be legally admitted.

ART. 4. Any sportsmen's Association or club in the state, organized for the protection of wild birds or fish, or for the enforcement of laws against the killing of either of them, may become a member of this Association upon written application being made, accompanied by a copy of its Constitution and a list of its officers, upon a majority vote of the Board of Directors being had to admit such association or club.

ART. 5. Sec. 1. The annual dues from each subordinate association or club shall be five dollars, payable in advance; and each association or club shall be liable for an assessment not to exceed ten dollars in any one year; said assessment only to be made upon vote of the Association, at a regular or special meeting.

ART. 7. Sec. 1. The regular Annual Convention of the Association shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in May in each year, and at such place as may be designated from year to year by vote of the Association.

ART. 8. No delegates shall be admitted into the Association, unless he shall have filed with the Secretary a certificate of his election or appointment, signed by the President or Secretary of the club he may represent.

Rule 3 of the Association is as follows: The charge of shot shall not exceed one and one-fourth ounces, as measured in a Dixon's standard No. 1106 or No. 1107 measure, struck off. Powder unlimited. No gun shall be used exceeding No. 10 calibre.

The tournament will be under the management of V. M. Lincoln, president of the State Association.

Capt. A. H. Bogardus and Fred. Erb., Jr., will be barred from all shoots in this tournament, and Abe Kleinman from all shoots except Association shoots. Barred as professionals.

Headquarters for sportsmen at Peoria House and Merchants Hotel, at reduced rates. Peoria House, $2 and $2.50 per day; Merchants Hotel, $1 50 and $2 per day.

PROGRAMME:

All shooting will be class shootin under the rules of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

FIRST DAY.

Shoots Nos. 1 and 2 will be confined to members of clubs belonging to the State Association.

Shoot No. 1 for $359—Will commence at 9 o'clock a. m., Tuesday, May 27. 10 single rises, 21 yards; entrance, price of birds. The winner of first prize in this match will be declared champion of the state for one year.

First Prize, a splendid gold medal, donated by the Audubon Club of Chicago, value $75; five quarter kegs powder, donated by Austin Powder Co., Cleveland, O., $40; and 250 pounds chilled shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., $20—$125.

Second Prize—A fine double barrel breech-loading shot gun, donated by E. E. Eaton, Chicago, $65; and 250 pounds shot, donated by Chicago Shot Tower Co., $15—$80.

Third Prize—Four quarter kegs Du Pont Powder, donated by J. J. Whitehouse, agent, Chicago, $25; 2,000 paper shells, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., $25; and 30 five-pound sacks improved chilled shot, donated by Tatham & Bros., N. Y., $15—$65.

Fourth Prize—Four quarter kegs powder, from Laflin & Rand Powder Co., by C. H. Vehmeyer, agent, Chicago, $25; also hunting suit, donated by Brown, Hilder & Co., St. Louis, $20; one of Mole's improved glass ball traps, donated by Batavia Mfg. Co., Batavia, Ill., $10—$55.

Fifth Prize—Powder flask and shot-pouch, donated by Z. N. Hotchkiss, Peoria, $12; Mexican saddle, donated by H. N. Frederick, Peoria, $15; and twenty-five pounds DuPont powder, donated by J. J. Whitehouse, agent, Chicago, $7—$34.

Shoot No. 2—Purse $470—Will be a team shoot of four members from any club belonging to the State Association, for a purse of $470, and will commence at 2 o'clock p. m., Tuesday, May 27. 15 single birds each, 21 yards rise; entrance, price of birds. The team making the highest score to win.

First Prize—A splendid gold medal provided by the State Association, $100; 2,000 paper shells and 4,000 chemically prepared pink edge gun wads, donated by Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn., through A. C. Hobbs, $35; 40 five-pound sacks improved chilled shot, donated by Tatham & Bros., N. Y., $20; and case of 500 Boughton's explosive target balls, donated by the Target Ball Co., Titusville, Pa., $15—$170.

Second Prize—A fine single barrel breech-loading shot gun, donated by John A. Nichols, Syracuse, N. Y., $75; hunting dog, from Waller's kennel, Chicago, $50; 30 five-pound sacks improved chilled shot, donated by Tatham & Bros., N. Y., $15; and Rogers' cartridge belt, from V. Platz, Indianapolis, Ind., $5—$145.

Third Prize—Silver urn, with shooter in position, donated by C. D. Peacock, Chicago, $40; five quarter-kegs powder, donated by Miami Powder Co., through Z. N. Hotchkiss, agent, Peoria, $30; one new model glass ball trap and barrel glass balls, donated by Capt. A. H. Bogardus, Elkhart, Ill., $15; and one group statuary, bronze pheasants, donated by M. A. Breed, Peoria, $5—$90.

Fourth Prize—A fine split bamboo fly rod, donated by Foss Bros. & Co., Chicago, $30; one revolving score board, donated by Wm. Truesdale & Sons, Peoria, $15; ten one-pound cans Dittmar powder, by Carl Dittmar, Binghampton, N. Y., $10; and one pair chromos, hunting scenes, donated by Miller Bros., Peoria, $10—$65.

SECOND DAY.

BALANCE OF PROGRAMME OPEN TO THE WORLD.

Shoot No. 3—$200 in gold, donated by the citizens of Peoria, will commence at 9 o'clock, Wednesday, May 28. This will be a two team shoot of any two members from any organized club in the United States. Team making the best score to win. 10 single rises each, 21 yards. Entrance, price of birds.

First prize, $75. Second prize, $60. Third prize, $40. Fourth prize, $25.

Shoot No. 4—Purse $435, will commence at 2 o'clock p. m., Wednesday, May 28. 10 single rises, 21 yards. Entrance, $5.

First Prize—One latest improved Remington Creedmoor rifle, donated by D. H. Lamberson, Chicago, $125; four quarter-kegs powder, donated by Hazard Powder Co., through their agents, Henry, Oakford & Fahnestock, Peoria, $25; and one hunting suit (Holabird's make), donated by F. P. Taylor, Chicago, $15—$165.

Second Prize—A fine cookstove (Lexington) manufactured and donated by Culter & Proctor, Peoria, $35; 250 pounds burnished tin-coated shot, donated by the Leroy Shot and Lead Mfg. Co., N. Y., $25; also sole leather gun case, nickel-plated corners, donated by Thompson & Sons, N. Y., $15; 15 one-pound cans Dittmar Powder, donated by Carl Dittmar, Binghampton, N. Y., $15; and one hand-made Calcutta bamboo bass rod, donated by A. G. Spalding & Bro., Chicago, $15—$105.

Third Prize—One hunting boat, oars and paddle, made and donated by Kelly & Roszell, Peoria, $30; 250 pounds chilled shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., $.0; one Colt's nickel-plated ivory handle revolver and case, donated by John P. Moore's Sons, N. Y., $15; and two boxes Moss Agate cigars, donated by Wm. Nitschke, Peoria, $10—$75.

Fourth Prize—One Webley checkered ivory handle revolver, donated by Pribyl Bros., Chicago, $25; one Monarch revolving double glass ball trap, manufactured and donated by W. C. Hinman, Leavenworth, Kan., $20; one barrel flour, donated by W. R. Wiley, Peoria, $8; and White's cartridge loader, donated by Crawford & Lovell, Savannah, Ga., $3—$56.

Fifth Prize—Wall tent, donated by E. C. Cook & Bro., Chicago, $20; Boss cartridge loader, donated by Camp & Wise, Stoughton, Wis., $6; nickel-plated cartridge belt, donated by Pooler & Jones, Serena, Ill., $5; hunting cap, donated by Geo. W. Gilbert, the hatter, Peoria, $3—$34.

THIRD DAY.

Shoot No 5—Will commence at 9 a. m., Thursday, May 29. 10 single rises, 25 yards. Ties shot off at same distance. Entrance, $10, including birds. Four prizes. 40 per cent. to first; 30 per cent. to second; 20 per cent. to third; and 10 per cent. to fourth.

Shoot No 6—Will commence at 2 o'clock p. m., Thursday, May 29. Five double rises, 18 yards. Entrance, $5. Four prizes. 40 per cent. to first; 30 per cent to second; 20 per cent. to third; and 10 per cent. to fourth.

FOURTH DAY.

Shoot No. 7—Will commence at 9 o'clock a. m., Friday, May 30. 10 single rises, 21 yards. Entrance, $5. Four prizes. 40 per cent. to first; 30 per cent. to second; 20 per cent. to third; and 10 per cent. to fourth.

Shoot No. 8—Purse, $300 in gold, donated by the citizens of Peoria, will commence at 2 o'clock p. m., Friday, May 30, and will be a four team shoot, and open to any organized club in the United States. Each club to be represented by four members. Each contestant must be a member of the club he represents prior to April 15, 1879. This shoot will be at 15 single birds each, 21 yards rise. The team making the largest aggregate score to win. Entrance, price of birds. First prize, $150; second prize, $90; third prize, $50; fourth prize, $10 and 250 pounds shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., $15—$25.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., donates a fine breech-loading shot-gun and case to the person making the best average score in shoots Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5 and 7. Value $125....The Chicago Shooting Club, of Chicago, donates four gold medals, one for each member of the winning team in Association shoot, as Champion Team of the State. Value $75....J. C. Woelfle, jeweler, Peoria, Ill., donates a fine silver medal to the person making the best average score in shoots Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Value, $40....The Dead Shot Powder Co. donates a fine silver medal to the person making the best score in four team association shoot. Value, $25....Downing & Olney, boot and shoe dealers, Peoria, donated to the individual making the poorest average score, in all shoots proper, during the tournament, a pair of walking boots. Value, $10....S. H. Turrill, Western manager of "Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun," donates one year's subscription of "Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun" to the club making the lowest score in four team association shoot....Dr. N. Rowe, editor CHICAGO FIELD, donates one year's subscription of CHICAGO FIELD to club making lowest score in four team shoot for Citizen's Purse, $30.

REMARKS.

The shooting will be from 6 plunge traps set two and one-half yards apart. Ties will be shot off at three or five birds, as time will allow....Manufacturers and dealers in sportsmen's goods desiring to exhibit the same will be furnished with ample facilities upon the grounds....The Peoria Shooting Park is only five minute's ride, by street cars, from center of the city, and is provided with a large and commodious amphitheatre....Loaded shells and ammunition furnished on the grounds by Z. N. Hotchkiss, Esq....The park is provided with large coops, capable of holding 10,000 birds, which have been contracted for, to be delivered from three to six weeks before the tournament, which will insure strong, lively birds each day....The convention will meet at 8 o'clock, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at the National Blues' armory, corner of Washington and Fulton streets....Clubs wishing to join the Association can send their applications at any time to the secretary, Geo. W. Baker, Peoria, Ill....The Board of Directors will meet at Room E, Peoria House, at 8 o'clock a. m., to pass upon clubs that have, or may at that time, apply for admission to the Association, and all clubs admitted will be entitled to take part in first day's shoot....Delegates and shooters wishing hotel accommodations secured for them in advance, can have it attended to by addressing Geo. W. Baker, secretary....Provision will be made for those wishing to participate in glass ball shooting.

V. M. LINCOLN, Manager.

11-12-2t

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION

AND

TOURNAMENT

OF THE

Iowa State Sportsmen's Asso'n

FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME & FISH,

TO BE HELD AT

Fair Grounds, Marshalltown, Ia.,

MAY 20, 21, *and* 22, 1879.

Splendid Prizes in Cash, Breech-Loading Guns, Sportsmen's Goods, Badge and Trophy,

AMOUNTING TO $2,000.

Open Only to Members of Clubs Belonging to the State Association.

Association rules to govern. Copies of the rules can be obtained of the secretary, at Keosauqua, at 20 cts. each.

MANAGERS:—E. A. ABBOTT, R. H. TAYLOR, J. S. JONES.

—o—

PROGRAMME:

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1879.

PURSE No. 1, - $150.

10 Single Birds, Entrance $3.

First prize....$60
Second prize....45
Third prize....30
Fourth prize....15

Entries for purse No. 11, Scott gun, must be made before any contestant for this purse finishes his score.

PURSE No. 2, - $325.

10 Single Birds, Entrance $5.

First prize—Breech-loading double shot-gun, Damascus barrels, case and complete outut, donated by Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., value $150
Second prize—Cash $75 and 1,000 paper shells, donated by Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn., value $10....85
Third prize—Cash $45, and Mole Revolving Ball Trap, donated by Batavia Manufacturing Co., Batavia, Ill., value $10....55
Fourth prize—Cash $30, and one year's subscription to CHICAGO FIELD, with patent binder, donated by the editor, Dr. Rowe, value $5....35

Enter now for purse No. 10, Champion Medal.

PURSE No. 3, - $182.

10 glass balls, from revolving trap, entrance $3.

First prize....$60
Second prize—Cash $45, and one ball trap and barrel of balls, donated by Capt. A. H. Bogardus, Elkhart, Ill., value $12....57
Third prize—Cash $30, and gun case first quality sole leather, nickel-plated corners, steel frame, donated by Thompson & Sons, N. Y., value $15 45
Fourth prize—Cash $15, and a Boss nickel-plated cartridge belt, donated by Pooler & Jones, Serena, Ill., value $5....20

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 21.

PURSE No. 4, - $182.50.

10 single birds, ground traps, entrance $3.

First prize....$60
Second prize—Cash $45, and Card's revolving ball trap, donated by W. M. Cruttenden, Cazenovia, N. Y., value $9....54
Third prize—Cash $30, and patent folding pail, donated by Holmes & Caton, Chicago, value $1 31
Fourth prize—200 paper shells, donated by Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Ct.. 22
Fifth prize—Cash....15

PURSE No. 5, - $150.

Team shoot for State Championship. 10 single birds, 5 double birds; no entrance fee. To commence at 2 o'clock p. m.

Prize—Silver trophy presented by the Association to the team of three, from any club, making the best aggregate score in this match. Value... $150

The club winning the trophy to hold it subject to competition at each annual tournament. Entrance fee $5 for each club after this year. Entrance fee each year to belong to club last holding the trophy. Any club winning it twice in succession to hold it thereafter absolutely. Ties for this purse to be shot off at 5 single and 2 double birds.

PURSE No. 6, - $150.

Five double birds, entrance $3.

First Prize....$60
Second prize....45
Third prize....30
Fourth prize....15

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, MAY 22.

PURSE No. 7. - $282.50.

10 single birds, entrance $5.

First prize—Nichols & Lefever breech-loading double shot gun, Damascus barrels, donated by John A. Nichols, Syracuse, N. Y., value...$100
Second prize—Cash....75
Third prize—Cash $25, and 250 lbs. tin-coated shot donated by the LeRoy Mfg. Co., N. Y., v. $25 50
Fourth prize—Cash $25, and 25 lbs. Dead Shot powder, donated by E. B. Rambo, Chicago, value $7.50....$2.50
Fifth prize—Cash....25

PURSE No. 8, - $300.

Team shoot for Marshalltown purse and Tatham shot. To commence at 2 p. m. 10 single birds, 3 double birds; entrance $5 for each team. Purse of $250 donated by the citizens of Marshalltown.

First prize....$100
Second prize....90
Third prize....60
Fourth prize—100 5 lb. bags of chilled shot, donated by Tatham & Bros., N. Y., to be divided among members of club to which the winning team belongs, value....50

Ties for this purse to be shot off at 3 single birds and one pair.

PURSE No. 9, Consolation Purse, $100.

5 single birds, entrance 3.

First prize....$40 | Third prize....$20
Second prize....30 | Fourth prize....10

Open only to members who have never made a straight score in any regular tournament match of the Association, nor won or divided any prize in the tournament.

PURSE No. 10, Champion gold badge, value $50 Presented by the Association to the individual shooting for, purses Nos. 2, 4, 6, and 7, and making the best aggregate score for said four purses, exclusive of ties. No entrance fee.

PURSE No. 11, W. & C. Scott & Son B. L. double shot-gun, Damascus barrels, donated by Wm. Read & Sons, Boston, Mass., value $100. To be presented to the individual shooting for purses Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, and 7, and making the best aggregate score for said five purses, exclusive of ties. Entrance $2, to be paid on entering for purse No. 1. Ties for purses No. 10 and 11 to be shot off at 3 double birds 21 yds.

REMARKS.—Class shooting throughout. All cash prizes to fill or pro rate each way. Five per cent of cash prizes reserved for expenses. Professionals barred. Shooting to commence each day at 9 o'clock a. m. sharp. Convention every evening at 8 o'clock, at Whitton's Hall.

On application to Secretary, members will be furnished with membership certificates admitting them to the grounds, and badges to be worn while on the grounds. Headquarters of Association officers at Room No. 8, Boardman House.

Admission to grounds 25 cts. each day. 11-12-1t

POWDER.

The Hazard Powder Co

MANUFACTURERS OF

Gunpowder.

Hazard's "Electric" Powder.

Nos. 1 (fine) to 5 (coarse). Unsurpassed in point of strength and cleanliness. Packed in square canisters of 1 lb. only.

Hazard's "American Sporting."

Nos. 1 (fine) to 3 (coarse). In 1 lb. canisters and 6¼ lb kegs. A fine grain, quick and clean, for upland and and prairie shooting. Well adapted to short guns.

Hazard's "Duck Shooting."

Nos. 1 (fine) to 5 (coarse). In 1 and 5 lb. canisters, and 6¼ and 12½ lb. kegs. Burns SLOWLY and very clean, shooting remarkably close, and with GREAT PENETRATION. For field, forest, or water shooting, it ranks any other brand, and it is equally serviceable for muzzle or breech loader.

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FFFG, FFG, and "Sea shooting" FG, in kegs of 25, 12½ and 6¼ lbs., and cans of 5 lbs. FFFG is also packed in 1 and ½ lb. canisters; burns strong and MOIST. The FFFG and FFG are favorite brands for ordinary sporting, and the "Sea Shooting" FG is the standard RIFLE powder of the country.

SUPERIOR MINING AND BLASTING POWDER OF ALL GRADES AND SIZES, PACKED IN WOOD OR METAL KEGS OF 25 LBS.

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Constantly on hand a full supply of Safety Fuse Rifle and Pistol Cartridges, Percussion Caps, Wads, etc 7-24-1y

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Send for Illustrated Pamphlet showing sizes of Grain of Powder, describing Blasting Apparatus, etc., FREE.

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BRANDS—DIAMOND GRAIN.
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ENGLISH SPORTING GUNPOWDER.

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Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 Superior Rifle, Enfield Rifle and Col. Hawker's Ducking. Packages of 12 lbs. Caution against imitations of American manufacturers.

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A complete manual for teaching pointer and setter for the field, 60 p. 7x5.

To which are added the standards for judging the pointer, setter and cocker spaniel, with various hints concerning the cocker, and other miscellaneous matter. The whole prefaced by "Sand Snipe." Liberal discount to dealers.

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STUD DOGS.

IMPORTED PLUNKET, Red Irish, young and vigorous as when a pup.

PALMERSTON, JR., lately imported, the finest formed red Irish setter in America. (Chest measures 30 in., head 11, nose 4¾.) He is bred from Champion Palmerston, out of QUAIL, litter sister to Champion Elcho.

Imported Rapp—pure Gordon. The best stock dog in the stud anywhere. Fee for choice $25.

Brood bitches, imp. Gordon Nell; imp. Laverack—Irish Carrie; and Lady Plunket (Plunket—Kitty). These bitches are all very fine and will be bred to the best stud dogs to be found this Spring. Pups $15 and $25. Several broken. Retrieving spaniels for sale at $25 to $40.

I believe I am not egotistical when I affirm that I have the best lot of dogs in America. Address me for particulars. W. H. HOLABIRD, Valparaiso, Ind.

Hints on Dog Breaking by W. H. Holabird, 25 cents. 11-5-tf

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.

THE

HIGHEST AWARD

FOR

Dog Biscuits

WAS GIVEN TO

SPRATT'S PATENT

MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

The order for feeding the dogs at the Great International Dog Show, held in conjunction with the Great International Exhibition at Paris, was given to Spratt's Patent by the Minister of Agriculture, and the dogs were sent home, after 12 days confinement (the longest on record), in perfect health and condition.

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ROB ROY KENNEL.

CHAMPION ROB ROY, Field Trial, black, white and tan, by Laverack's Fred out of Statter's Rhœbe (founder of the Field-Trial strain); bred by Thos. Statter, and noted for both field and stud qualities. Winner of the Champion Stakes, Shrewsbury, 1872, and of four other field trials—the only dog in America that has won an English championship at trials.

DRUID.—Llewellin breed; black, white and tan; by Llewellin's Prince (full brother to Countess and Nelly), out of Dora. Druid has won at four English field trials, beating Rob Roy and Macdona's Ranger; also upon the bench. No English dog in America except Rob Roy has an equal field record. At St. Louis when out of condition Druid got V.H.C. in the champion class, 2d in the open class and 1st in braces with Queen Mab, beating Smith's Leicester and Paris.

CHAMPION RUFUS, Irish, deep red, no white, by Trench's Shot out of Trench's Linda, combining the celebrated Trench, Daly & Hendrick's pure strains. One of the best bred and handsomest dogs in the country, and winner of nine prizes in England and America, including the Irish championship at New York (beating Elcho) and Stock Dog Cup.

Rufus is the sire of the following noted prize winners, all of one litter: Rufus II, Centennial Irish Champion; Rory O'More, 1st New York (beating the get of Elcho and Plunket); Fire Fly, 1st Centennial and 2d New York; Kelpie, 2d Centennial, and Fanchon 1st Kansas City.

FEE—Rob Roy, $35; Druid, $35; Rufus, $25. Apply to

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Champion Berkley.

Two or three choice bitch pups for sale, sired by Champion Berkley, and out of Ruby, a choice, thoroughbred, imported bitch, sired by Jenkins' Derg (first in open class at New York); Ruby is an excellent bitch in the field.

Berkley stands to-day with a record unequaled by that of any other Irish dog in America, having won

FOUR CHAMPIONSHIPS,

one first prize, and numerous specials, BESIDES BEING A FIELD TRIAL WINNER. He has just won championship at Philadelphia, beating his half-brother Ben, Rory O'Moore, etc. The pups offered are very deep, rich red in color, without any white. Address MASSACHUSETTS KENNEL CLUB, Box 1957, Boston, Mass. 11-12-tf

KENNEL.

Massachusetts Kennel Club.

SECOND ANNUAL Bench Show of Dogs

Will be held at the Music Hall,

BOSTON,

May 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1879.

Entries close April 28, inclusive.

OFFICE, 28 COURT STREET, P.O. Box 3008,

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CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

11-11-2t

Refused Three Hundred Pounds for the Dam of

Champion Loo II., Sting II., Trump III., Etc., Etc.

AND GRANDDAM OF CHAMPION BERKLEY.

Mr. Nuttall's Champion Maybe, the dam of more winners than any other Irish setter bitch alive, will be put immediately to Mr. Hilliard's Champion Count, by his far-famed Champion Palmerston. Orders booked now.

For immediate sale three very handsome young bitches out of the celebrated bitch Maybe by Rock, out of Champion Venus by Champion Bob.

Young dogs also for sale of A 1 breeding.

Stonehenge says of Maybe: She is one of the grandest bitches he ever saw in shape, size and quality.

Apply to ÆNEAS FALKINER NUTTALL, Tittour, Newtown, Mount Kennedy, Co. Wicklow, Ireland. 11-11-4t

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JUST PUBLISHED.

National American Kennel Club STUD BOOK, Vol. I.

Sent Free by Mail on Receipt of Price, $2 per copy. For sale only by JNO. W. MUNSON, Sec'y, 315 Olive Street, St. Louis.

Entries can now be made in Vol. II. on blanks furnished for that purpose to be had of the secretary. 11-10-tf

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Buzzard's Distemper Pills $1 per box.
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Price, $3.

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"The Dilley Pointer"

ROYAL DON,

By Snipe, out of Countess Royal, own sister to Dilley's Ranger, full pedigree,

IN THE STUD.

Broken and hunted on all game.

Fee $15.

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CHAMPION JACK AND RACE.

CHAMPION JACK is a white and orange English setter, with black eyes and nose, winner during 1878 of two championships, one first and five special prizes. Has always won wherever entered.

RACE, a son of champion Elcho out of Fanny Fern, is a deep red, and last prize winner at St. Louis Show, first prize winner at Detroit this year; and with his brother Ben winner of Brace Stakes at Baltimore show, 1878, beating champions Berkley and Loo II. Fee, $25 each. Address, E. C. WALLER, 94 Washington St., Chicago. 8-8-6tf

Rob Roy Kennel Drafts.

I have for sale a very handsome brace (dog and bitch) by Druid, out of Nilsson, whelped Apr. 24, will be ready for delivery the last of June. Nilsson is full sister to my Champion Queen Mab, is one of the six living Dan—Nelly bitches, and has proved herself a grand brood bitch, her last litter being the best I have ever seen. Druid and Nilsson should produce the finest possible progeny of the unequaled Llewellin strain. Also a splendidly bred six month's old black, white and tan bitch. Apply to ARNOLD BURGES, Hillsdale, Mich. 11-12-tf

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PUPPIES FOR SALE.

Out of OPAL (Rake—Fanny), by Champion Dash III. (Blue Prince—Armstrong's Kate), winner with Drake of Brace Stakes Nashville, 1878. Address NELSON D. HATHEWAY, M.D.
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Borell's Worm Balls for Dogs.

A reliable and harmless remedy for removing worms from dogs, containing neither a drastic purge nor deleterious astringent, and used with marked success; also for the expulsion of the tape worm, so often bringing on fatal distemper and aggravating the disease.

Recommended by "Homo," and used for the past three years in the kennel of W. W. Colket, Esq.

Price $1, with full directions; sent post paid. In ordering state weight of dog. H. A. BORELL, Chemist, 2043 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 11-8-4teow

Irish Water Spaniels.

For Sale, four dog and three bitch pups, by Bob, out of Imported Bridget. Also orders received for coming litters by Bob, out of Duck, and by Sneider out of Queen; full pedigree Price at 8 weeks old, dogs, $20; bitches, $15. J. H. WHITMAN, 103 So. Clark St., Chicago. 11-9-8t

IN THE PUBLIC STUD,

E. F. STODDARD'S IMPORTED RED IRISH SETTER

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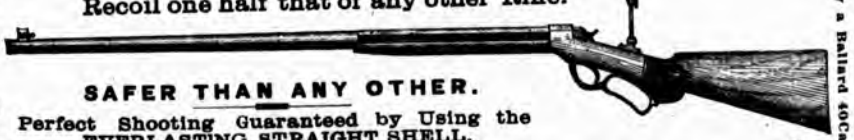

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11-12-6m

HORSE, Etc.

THE NATIONAL Trotting Asso'n.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
HARTFORD, CONN., Apr. 15, '79.

NOTICE.

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Review will be held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Ill., at 7 o'clock, p.m., on Monday, May 12, 1879. THOS. J. VAIL, Secretary.

N. B.—All communications intended for the consideration of the Board at the above meeting, should be forwarded at once to the secretary.

The Board of Review is empowered to act in place of the full board, with the same authority and jurisdiction, and at the above meeting will consider business arising in each and all of the districts.

11-11-3t

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Bay stallion Senator Barnum, will be four years old on the 8th of June, 1879. Sired by Volunteer, dam Vennes, by Thorndyke's Nonpareil; is sixteen hands high, weighs about eleven hundred pounds. I believe this to be as good and as well bred a colt as any one owns, and will be sold at a fair price for such a horse. Inquire of GEO. BEST,
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A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

A purely vegetable compound, not doctored with poisonous liquors, being dry—a gentle cathartic and effective tonic—sure to effectually cure some of the most common and painful diseases that baffle medical skill. Those who have been cured when all other means failed, justly say: "It is the greatest blessing of the age." "I believe I should not now be alive but for it." Physicians in regular practice say: "It works like a charm and effectively."

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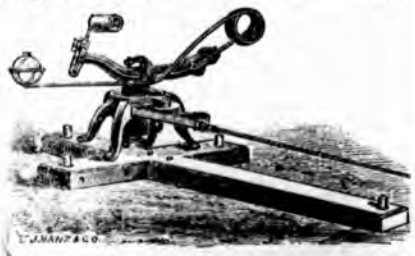

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